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ANXIETY.

THOU infant sister of more dread Despair,
 Chill visitant of every troubled heart,
 Who, stealing on us from we know not
 where,
 Will all unwelcome play thy impish part;
 Who cometh softly, driving gentle Sleep—
 Fair bidden guest who met thee on thy
 way—
 Behind those phantoms called from out the
 deep
 Where direst Future dwells, and where no
 ray
 Of brightness ever shines, nor gleam of open-
 ing day.

In vain we strive to banish from the mind
 The scenes thy ghostly fingers ever draw,
 Where'er we look, surrounding us we find
 New visions taken from thy hidden store;
 The background may be changed, yet still
 we see
 The same dark shadow hovering ever near;
 Pointing to something—something that
 shall be—
 An unknown dread, whose mocking voice
 we hear
 Rising and falling still on changing waves of
 fear.

As some entangled fly will strive in vain,
 When first its fragile wings are lightly
 bound,
 To battle with the thin transparent chain
 Which by each effort is more tightly wound;
 So dost thou lead us on, with cunning
 power,
 To fiercely argue and with thee contend,
 And thus do we more deeply, hour by hour,
 Our failing strength in useless effort spend,
 To find our minds enthralled more closely at
 the end.

We would outsoar the aching realm of
 thought,
 And find the region of the lotus-flower,
 Where past and future are so softly brought
 To mingle faintly with the passing hour,
 Where the unconscious mind is free from
 care,
 Sweetly regardless of all joy or pain,
 And where the odorous perfume in the air
 Might lull into oblivion again
 These scenes, that ever pass like phantoms
 through the brain.

Weak, hopeless effort; if by conscious
 might
 We strive before the bitter turmoil cease,
 To draw between us and the foes we fight
 The royal presence of unfettered Peace,
 She cometh not, while still our foes arise;
 We lift our sword, ten thousand swords are
 there!
 We bid defiance to the threatening skies,
 A thousand echoes vibrate in the air,
 Filling the trembling heart with its own wild
 despair.

Then Weariness and chill Exhaustion creep,
 With lagging steps, to give their needed aid
 To their fair, gentle mistress, banished
 Sleep,
 Who hovering near us still has waiting
 stayed;
 And now, with arms outstretched, they
 freeze the air,
 The feverish fancies vanish from the sight,
 Struggling through dreamland as they dis-
 appear,
 Darkening the dreams that meet them in
 their flight,
 Until, with regal calm, Peace rules the hours
 of night.

Spectator.

F. LEYTON.

FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

COME up into the mountains. Set your feet
 Light-heartedly upon their wrinkled floors,
 And leave the valley to its smile. Be yours
 To scale the trenches of the heavens and
 meet
 The mighty wind upon its thronèd seat.

Come up into the mountains. Grief and care
 Make haggard even the divinest vale,
 And baffled hopes shall hardly lose their
 pale
 Complexion in that soft and gentle air,
 Having a need they may not cancel there.

Set them upon the mountains. Bid them
 climb,
 Story by cloudy story, some vast hill,
 And there, erect upon its pinnacle,
 Deliver them to presences sublime
 That know not space and have forgotten time.
 Speaker. AMBROSE BENNETT.

DIRGE.

IF thou wilt ease thine heart
 Of love and all its smart,
 Then sleep, dear, sleep;
 And not a sorrow
 Hang any tear on your eyelashes;
 Lie still and deep,
 Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
 The rim o' the sun to-morrow,
 In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart
 Of love and all its smart,
 Then die, dear, die;
 'Tis deeper, sweeter,
 Than on a rose-bank to lie dreaming
 With folded eye;
 And then alone, amid the beaming
 Of love's stars, thou'lt meet her
 In the eastern sky.

BEDDOES.

From The Fortnightly Review.

A SURVEY OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

HE who would understand the Middle Ages must make a special study of the thirteenth century — one of the landmarks between the ancient and the modern world, one of the most pregnant, most organic, most memorable in the annals of mankind. It is an epoch (perhaps the last of the centuries of which this can be said) crowded with names illustrious in action, in thought, in art, in religion equally; which is big with those problems, intellectual, social, political, and spiritual that six succeeding centuries have in vain toiled to solve.

A "century" is, of course, a purely arbitrary limit of time. But for practical purposes we can only reckon by years and groups of years. And, as in the biography of a man, we speak of the happy years of a life, or a decade of great activity, so it is convenient to speak of a brilliant "century," if we attach no mysterious value to our artificial measure of time. It happens, however, that the thirteenth century not only has a really distinctive character of its own, but that, near to its beginning and to its close, very typical events occurred. In 1198 took place the election of Innocent III., the most successful, perhaps the most truly representative name, of all the mediæval popes. In the year preceding (1197) we may see the Empire visibly beginning to change its spirit with the death of Henry VI., the ferocious son of Barbarossa. In the year following (1199) died Richard Lion-heart, the last of the Anglo-French sovereigns, and, we may say, the last of the genuine Crusader kings, to be succeeded by his brother John, who was happily forced to become an English king, and to found the Constitution of England by signing the Great Charter.

And at the end of the century its last year (1300) is the date of the ominous "jubilee" of the papacy — the year in which Dante places his great poem — a year which is one of the most convenient points in the *memoria technica* of modern history. Three years later died Boniface VIII., after the tremendous humiliation

which marked the manifest decadence of the papacy; eight years later began the "Babylonish Captivity," the seventy years' exile of the papacy at Avignon; then came the ruin of the Templars throughout Europe, and all the tragedies and convulsions which mark the reigns of Philip the Fair in France, Edward II. in England, and the confusion that overtook the Empire on the death of Henry of Luxembourg, that last hope of imperial ambition. Thus, taking the period between the election of Innocent III., in 1198, and the removal of the papacy to Avignon, in 1308, we find a very definite character in the thirteenth century. It would, of course, be necessary to fix the view on Europe as a whole, or rather on Latin Christendom, to obtain any unity of conception; and, obviously, the development and decay of the Church must be the central point, for this is at once the most general and the important element in the common life of Christendom.

Within the limits of the thirteenth century, so understood, a series of striking events and great names is crowded — the growth, culmination, extravagance, and then the humiliation of the papal see; the eighteen years' rule of Innocent III., the fourteen years of Gregory IX., the twenty-one of Innocent IV.; the short revival of Gregory X.; the ambition, the pride, the degradation, and shame of Boniface VIII. The great experiment to organize Christendom under a single spiritual sovereign had been made by some of the most aspiring natures and the most consummate politicians who ever wore mitre — had been made and failed. When the popes returned from Avignon to Rome in 1378, after the seventy years of exile from their capital, it was to find the Catholic world rent with schism, a series of anti-popes, heresy, and the seeds of the Reformation in England and in Germany. Thus the secession to Avignon in the opening of the fourteenth century was the beginning of the end of spiritual unity for Latin Christendom.

At the very opening of the thirteenth century, the diversion of the Crusade to the capture of Constantinople in 1204, and all the incidents of that unholy war, prove

that, as a moral and spiritual movement, the era of Godfrey and Tancred, of Peter the Hermit and Bernard of Clairvaux was ended; and though, for a century or two, kings, like St. Louis and our Edward I., in the thirteenth century, took the Cross, or, like our Henry V., in the fifteenth century, talked of so doing, the hope of annihilating Islam was gone forever, and Christendom, for four centuries, had enough to do to protect Europe itself from the Moslem. And within a few years of this cynical prostitution of the Crusading enthusiasm in the conquest of Byzantium, the Crusading passion broke out in the dreadful persecution of the Albigenses and the Crusade against heresy of Simon de Montfort. And hardly was the unity of Christendom assured by blood and terror, when the spiritual Crusades of Francis and Dominic begin, and the contagious zeal of the Mendicant Friars restored the force of the Church, and gave it a new era of moral and social vitality.

Now, whilst the popes were making their last grand rally to weld Christendom into spiritual unity, in France, in England, in Spain, in north Italy, in south Italy, in southern Germany, in a minor degree throughout central Europe, princes of great energy were organizing the germs of nations, and were founding the institutions of complex civil administration. Monarchy, municipalities, nations, and organized government, national constitutions, codes of law, a central police, and international trade were growing uniformly throughout the entire century. Feudalism, strictly so called, the baron's autocracy, baronial war, and the manor court, were as rapidly dying down. Crushed between the hammer of the kings and the anvil of the burghers, the feudal chivalry suffered, in many a bloody field, a series of shameful overthrows all through the fourteenth century, until it ended in the murderous orgies of the fifteenth century. But it was the thirteenth century that established throughout Europe the two great forces of the future which were to divide the inheritance of feudalism, a civilized and centralized monarchy on the one hand—a rich, industrious, resolute people on the other hand.

It was the thirteenth century, moreover, that saw the great development of the manufacturing and trading cities north of the Alps. Down to the expulsion of the Christians from Palestine, at the close of the twelfth century, there had been few cities in Europe of wealth and importance outside Italy and the south of France and of Spain. But the next hundred years founded the greatness of cities like Paris and London, of Troyes, Rouen, Lyons, Bordeaux, Bruges, Ghent, Cologne, Strasburg, Basle, Nuremberg, Bremen, Lubeck, Hamburg, Dantzic, Winchester, Norwich, Exeter, Bristol. The Crusades had brought Europe together, and had brought the West face to face with the East. Mankind had ceased to be *ascriptus glebæ*, locally bound to a few clearings on the earth. It had begun to understand the breadth and variety of the planet, and the infinite resources of its products. Industrial exchange on a world-wide scale began again after a long interval of ten centuries.

The latter half of this same century also saw the birth of that characteristic feature of modern society—the control of political power by representative assemblies. For the first time in Europe deputies from the towns take part in the national councils. In Spain this may be traced even before the century begins. Early in the century it is found in Sicily; about the middle of the century we trace it in England and Germany; and finally, in France. As every one knows, it was in 1264 that Simon de Montfort summoned to Parliament knights of each shire, and two representatives from boroughs and cities; and, in 1295, Edward I. called together the first fully constituted Parliament as now understood in England. The States-General of France, the last and the least memorable of all national parliaments, were only seven years subsequent to the formal inauguration of the Parliament of England. The introduction of parliamentary representation would alone suffice to make memorable the thirteenth century.

The same age, too, which was so fertile in new political ideas and in grand spiritual effort, was no less rich in philosophy, in the germs of science, in reviving the in-

heritance of ancient learning, in the scientific study of law, in the foundation of the great Northern universities, in the magnificent expansion of the architecture we call Gothic, in the beginnings of painting and of sculpture, in the foundation of modern literature, both in prose and verse, in the fullest development of the troubadours, the romance poets, the lays, sonnets, satires, and tales of Italy, Provence, and Flanders; and finally, in that stupendous poem, which we universally accept as the greatest of modern epical works, wherein the most splendid genius of the Middle Ages seemed to chant its last majestic requiem, which he himself, as I have said, emphatically dated in the year 1300. Truly, if we must use arbitrary numbers to help our memory, that year—1300—may be taken as the resplendent sunset of an epoch which had extended in one form back for nearly one thousand years to the fall of the Roman Empire, and equally as the broken and stormy dawn of an epoch which has for six hundred years since been passing through an amazing phantasmagoria of change.

Now this great century, the last of the true Middle Ages, which, as it drew to its own end, gave birth to modern society, has a special character of its own, a character that gives to it an abiding and enchanting interest. We find in it a harmony of power, a universality of endowment, a glow, an aspiring ambition and confidence, such as we never again find in later centuries, at least so generally and so permanently diffused. At the opening of the thirteenth century, Christendom, as a whole, rested united in profound belief in one religious faith. There had appeared in the age preceding teachers of new doctrines, like Abailard, Gilbert de la Porée, Arnold of Brescia, and others; but their new ideas had not at all penetrated to the body of the people. As a whole, Christendom had still, as the century began, an unquestioned and unquestionable creed, without schism, heresy, doubts, or sects. And this creed still sufficed to inspire the most profound thought, the most lofty poetry, the widest culture, the freest art of the age; it filled statesmen with awe, scholars with enthusiasm, and consolidated

society around uniform objects of reverence and worship. It bound men together, from the Hebrides to the eastern Mediterranean, from the Atlantic to the Baltic, as European men have never since been bound. Great thinkers, like Albert of Cologne, and Aquinas, found it to be the stimulus of their meditations. Mighty poets, like Dante, could not conceive poetry, unless based on it and saturated with it. Creative artists, like Giotto, found it an ever living well-spring of pure beauty. The great cathedrals embodied it in a thousand forms of glory and power. To statesman, artist, poet, thinker, teacher, soldier, worker, chief, or follower, it supplied at once inspiration and instrument.

This unity of creed had existed, it is true, for five or six centuries in large parts of Europe, and, indeed, in a shape even more uniform and intense. But not till the thirteenth century did it co-exist with such acute intellectual energy, with such philosophic power, with such a free and superb art, with such sublime poetry, with so much industry, culture, wealth, and so rich a development of civic organization. This thirteenth century was the last in the history of mankind in Europe when a high and complex civilization has been saturated with a uniform and unquestioned creed. As we all know, since then, civilization has had to advance with ever-increasing multiplicity of creeds. What impresses us as the keynote of this century is the *harmony* of power it displays. As in the Augustan age, or the Periclean age, or the Homeric age, indeed, far more than in any of them, men might fairly dream, in the age of Innocent and St. Louis, that they had reached a normal state, when human life might hope to see an ultimate symmetry of existence. There have been since epochs of singular intellectual expansion, of creative art, of material progress, of moral earnestness, of practical energy. Our nineteenth century has very much of all of these in varying proportions. But no one ever supposes that they do not clash with each other, or expects them to work in organic harmony together.

Now the thirteenth century was an era of no one special character. It was in noth-

ing one-sided, and in nothing discordant. It had great thinkers, great rulers, great teachers, great poets, great artists, great moralists, and great workers. It could not be called the material age, the devotional age, the political age, or the poetic age, in any special degree. It was equally poetic, political, industrial, artistic, practical, intellectual, and devotional. And these qualities acted in harmony on a uniform conception of life, with a real symmetry of purpose. There was one common creed, one ritual, one worship, one sacred language, one Church, a single code of manners, a uniform scheme of society, a common system of education, an accepted type of beauty, a universal art, something like a recognized standard of the good, the beautiful, and the true. One half of the world was not occupied in ridiculing or combating what the other half was doing. Nor were men absorbed in ideals of their own, whilst treating the ideals of their neighbors as matters of indifference and waste of power. Men as utterly different from each other as were Stephen Langton, St. Francis, Thomas Aquinas, Roger Bacon, Dante, Giotto, St. Louis, Edward I. — all profoundly accepted one common order of ideas, equally applying to things of the intellect, of moral duty, of action, and of the soul — to public and private life at once — and they could all feel that they were together working out the same task. It may be doubted if that has ever happened in Europe since.

To point out the peculiar character of an age is not to praise it without reserve; much less to ask men to return to it now. No one can now be suspected of sighing for the time of Innocent III., of St. Francis and St. Louis; nor do reasonable historians deny that their simple beliefs and ideas are frankly incompatible with all that to-day we call freedom, science, and progress. Let us be neither reactionary, nor obscurantist, neither Catholic nor absolutist in sympathy, but seek only to understand an age in its own spirit, and from the field of its own ideas. Nor need we forget how the uniform creed of Christendom was shaken, even in the thirteenth century, by fierce spasms which ended too often in blood and horror. Their social system certainly was not without struggles; for the thirteenth century was no golden era, nor did the lion lie down with the lamb or consent to be led by a little child. We cannot forget either Albigensian War or Runnymede, nor our Baron's War, nor Guelphs and Ghibellines, nor the history of Frederick II., Manfred, and

Conradino, nor the fall of Boniface, nor the Sicilian Vespers. And yet we may confidently maintain that there was a real coherence of belief, sentiment, manners, and life in the thirteenth century.

Perhaps we ought rather to say, in its earlier generations and for the great mass of its people and doings. For we may see the seeds of divergences, heresies, insurrections, civil war, anarchy, discord, doubt, and rebellion in Church, State, society, and habits, gathering up in the thirteenth century, and especially definite in its stormy and ominous close. In Roger Bacon, even in Aquinas, nay, in Dante, there lie all the germs of the intellectual dilemmas which shook Catholicism to its foundations. Francis and Dominic, if they gave the Church a magnificent rally, saved her by remedies which a cool judgment must pronounce to be suicidal. Our Edward I., in the thirteenth century, had to deal with the same rebellious forces which made the reign of our Henry VI., in the fifteenth century, a record of blood and anarchy. Boniface, Philip the Fair, even Edward I., did violent things in the thirteenth century, which churchmen and princes after them hardly exceeded. And there are profanities and ribaldries in the thirteenth-century poetry which Rabelais, Voltaire, and Diderot have not surpassed. But in judging an epoch one has to weigh how far those things were common and characteristic of it, how far they deeply and widely affected it. Judged by these tests, we must say that scepticism, anarchy, ribaldry, and hypocrisy, however latent in the thirteenth century, had not yet eaten out its soul.

It may surprise some readers to treat the thirteenth century as the virtual close of the Middle Ages, an epoch which is usually placed in the latter half of the fifteenth century, in the age of Louis XI., Henry VII., and Ferdinand of Arragon. But the true spirit of feudalism, the living soul of Catholicism, which together make up the compound type of society we call mediæval, were, in point of fact, waning all through the thirteenth century. The hurly-burly of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries was merely one long and cruel death agony. Nay, the inner soul of Catholic feudalism quite ended in the first generation of the thirteenth century — with St. Dominic, St. Francis, Innocent III., Philip Augustus, and Otto IV., Stephen Langton, and William, Earl Mareschal. The truly characteristic period of mediævalism is in the twelfth, rather than the thirteenth century, the

period covered by the first three Crusades from 1094, the date of the Council of Clermont, to 1192, when Cœur-de-Lion withdrew from the Holy Land. Or, if we put it a little wider in limits, we may date true mediævalism from the rise of Hildebrand about 1070 to the death of Innocent III. in 1216, or just about a century and a half. St. Louis himself, as we read Joinville's "Memoirs," seems to us a man belated, born too late, and almost an anachronism in the latter half of the thirteenth century.

We know that in the slow evolution of society the social brilliancy of a movement is seldom visible, and is almost never ripe for poetic and artistic idealization until the energy of the movement itself is waning, or even it may be, is demonstrably spent. Shakespeare prolonged the Renaissance of the fifteenth century, the Renaissance of Leonardo and Raphael, into the seventeenth century, when Puritanism was in full career; and Shakespeare — it is deeply significant — died on the day when Oliver Cromwell entered college at Cambridge. And so, when Dante, in his vision of 1300, saw the heights and the depths of Catholic feudalism, he was looking back over great movements which were mighty forces a hundred years earlier. Just so, though the thirteenth century contained within its bosom the plainest proofs that the mediæval world was ending, the flower, the brilliancy, the variety, the poetry, the soul of the mediæval world were never seen in so rich a glow as in the thirteenth century, its last great effort.

To attempt a brief review of each of the dominant movements which give so profound a character to the thirteenth century as a whole, one begins naturally with the central movement of all — the Church. The thirteenth century was the era of the culmination, the over-straining, and then the shameful defeat of the claim made by the Church of Rome to a moral and spiritual autocracy in Christendom. There are at least five popes in that one hundred years — Innocent III., Gregory IX., Innocent IV., Gregory X., and Boniface VIII. — whose characters impress us with a sense of power or of astounding desire of power, whose lives are romances and dreams, and whose careers are amongst the most instructive in history. He who would understand the Middle Ages must study from beginning to end the long and crowded pontificate of Innocent III. In genius, in commanding nature, in intensity of character, in universal energy,

in aspiring designs, Innocent III. has few rivals in the fourteen centuries of the Roman pontiffs, and few superiors in any age on any throne in the world. His eighteen years of rule, from 1198 to 1216, were one long effort, for the moment successful, and in part deserving success, to enforce on the kings and peoples of Europe a higher morality, respect for the spiritual mission of the Church, and a sense of their common civilization. We feel that he is truly a great man with a noble cause, when the pope forces Philip Augustus to take back the wife he had so insolently cast off, when the pope forces John to respect the rights of all his subjects, laymen or churchmen, when the pope gives to England the greatest of her primates, Stephen Langton, the principal author of our Great Charter, when the pope accepts the potent enthusiasm of the New Friars and sends them forth on their mission of revivalism.

It is not necessary to enter on one of the most difficult problems in history to decide how far the development and organization of the Catholic Church in the Middle Ages were worth the price that civilization paid in moral, intellectual, and in material loss. Still less can we attempt to justify such Crusades as that which established the Latin kingdom in Constantinople, or the Crusade to crush the revolt of the Albigensian heretics, and all the enormous assumptions of Innocent in things temporal and things spiritual. But before we decide that in the thirteenth century civilization would have been the gainer, if there had been no central Church at all, let us count up all the great brains of the time, with Aquinas and Dante at their head, all the great statesmen, St. Louis, Blanche of Castile, in France; Simon de Montfort and Edward I., in England, and Ferdinand III., in Spain; Frederic II. and Rudolph of Hapsburg, in the Empire, who might in affairs of State often oppose churchmen, but who felt that society itself reposed on a well-ordered Church.

If the great attempt failed in the hands of Innocent III., surely one of the finest brains and noblest natures that Rome ever sent forth — and fail it did on the whole, except as a temporary expedient — it could not succeed with smaller men, when every generation made the conditions of success more hopeless. The superhuman pride of Gregory IX., the venerable pontiff who for fourteen years defied the whole strength of the emperor Frederick II., seems to us to-day, in spite of his

lofty spirit, but to parody that of Hildebrand, of Alexander III., and Innocent III. And when we come to Innocent IV. (1243-1264), the disturber of the peace of the Empire, he is almost a forecast of Boniface VIII. And Boniface himself (1294-1303), though his words were more haughty than those of the mightiest of his predecessors, though insatiable ambition and audacious intrigue gave him some moments of triumph, ended after nine years of desperate struggle in what the poet calls "the mockery, the vinegar, the gall of a new crucifixion of the vicar of Christ." Read Dante, and see all that a great spirit in the Middle Ages could still hope from the Church and its chiefs—all that made such dreams a mockery and a delusion.

When Dante wrote, the popes were already settled at Avignon and the Church had entered upon one of its worst eras. And as we follow his scathing indignation, in the nineteenth canto of the "Inferno," or in the twenty-seventh of the "Paradiso," we feel how utterly the vision of Peter had failed to be realized on earth. But for one hundred years before, all through the thirteenth century, the writing on the wall may now be read, in letters of fire. When Saladin forced the allied kings of Europe to abandon the conquest of the Holy Sepulchre, and lion-hearted Richard turned back in despair (1192), the Crusades, as military movements, ended. The later Crusades of the thirteenth century were splendid acts of folly, of anachronism, even crime. They were "magnificent, but not war"—in any rational sense. It was Europe that had to be protected against the Moslem—not Asia or Africa. All through the thirteenth century European civilization was enjoying the vast material and intellectual results of the Crusades of the twelfth century. But to sail for Jerusalem, Egypt, or Tunis, had then become, as the wise Joinville told St. Louis, a cruel neglect of duty at home.

It was not merely in the exhaustion of the Crusading zeal that the waning of the Catholic fervor was shown. In the twelfth century there had been learned or ingenious heretics. But the mark of the thirteenth century is the rise of heretic sects, schismatic churches, religious reformations, spreading deep down amongst the roots of the people. We have the three distinct religious movements which began to sap the orthodox citadel, and which afterwards took such vast proportions—Puritanism, Mysticism, Scepticism. All

of them take form in the thirteenth century—Waldenses, Albigenses, Petrobusians, Poor Men, Anti-Ritualists, Anti-Sacerdotalists, Manichæans, Gospel Christians, Quietists, Flagellants, Pastoureaux, fanatics of all orders. All through the thirteenth century we have an intense ferment of religious exaltation, culminating in the orthodox mysticism, the rivalries, the missions, the revivalism, of the new allies of the church, the Franciscans, and Dominicans, the Friars, or Mendicant Orders.

The thirteenth century saw the romantic rise, the marvellous growth, and then the inevitable decay of the Friars, the two orders whose careers form one of the most fascinating and impressive stories in modern history. The Franciscans, or Grey Friars, founded in 1212, the Dominicans, or Black Friars, founded in 1216, by the middle of the century had infused new life throughout the Catholic world. By the end of the century their power was spent, and they had begun to be absorbed in the general life of the Church. It was one of the great rallies of the Papal Church, perhaps of all the rallies the most important, certainly the most brilliant, most pathetic, most fascinating, the most rich in poetry, in art, in devotion. For the mediæval Church of Rome, like the empire of the Cæsars at Rome, like the Eastern Empire of Constantinople, like the empire of the Khalifs, which succeeded that, seems to subsist for centuries after its epoch of zenith by a long series of rallies, revivals, and new births out of almost hopeless disorganization and decay.

But the thirteenth century is not less memorable for its political than for its spiritual history. And in this field the history is that of new organizations, not the dissolution of the old. The thirteenth century gave Europe the nations as we now know them. France, England, Spain, large parts of north and south Germany, became nations, where they were previously counties, duchies, and fiefs. Compare the map of Europe at the end of the twelfth century, when Philip Augustus was struggling with Richard I., when the king of England was a more powerful ruler in France than the so-called king of France in Paris, when Spain was held by various groups of petty kinglets facing the solid power of the Moors, compare this with the map of Europe at the end of the thirteenth century, with Spain constituted a kingdom under Ferdinand III. and Alfonso X., France under Philip the Fair, and England under Edward I.

At the very opening of the thirteenth century John did England the inestimable service of losing her French possessions. At the close of the century the greatest of the Plantagenets finally annexed Wales to England and began the incorporation of Scotland and Ireland. Of the creators of England as a sovereign power in the world, from Alfred to Chatham, between the names of the Conqueror and Cromwell, assuredly that of Edward I. is the most important. As to France, the petty counties which Philip Augustus inherited in 1180 had become, in the days of Philip the Fair (1285-1314) the most powerful nation in Europe. As a great European force, the French nation dates from the age of Philip Augustus, Blanche of Castile, her son Louis IX. (the saint), and the two Philips (III. and IV.), the son and grandson of St. Louis. The monarchy of France was indeed created in the thirteenth century. All that went before was preparation; all that came afterwards was development. Almost as much may be said for England and for Spain.

It was an age of great rulers. Indeed, we may doubt if any hundred years of European history has been so crowded with great statesmen and kings. In England, Stephen Langton and the authors of our Great Charter in 1215; William, Earl Mareschal, Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, and above all Edward I., great as soldier, as ruler, as legislator — as great when he yielded as when he compelled. In France, Philip Augustus, a king curiously like our Edward I. in his virtues as in his faults, though earlier by three generations; Blanche, his son's wife, regent of France; St. Louis, her son; and St. Louis's grandson, the terrible, fierce, subtle, and adroit Philip the Fair. Then on the throne of the Empire, from 1220 to 1250, Frederick II., "the world's wonder," one of the most brilliant characters of the Middle Ages, whose life is a long romance, whose many-sided endowments seemed to promise everything but real greatness and abiding results. Next, after a generation, his successor, less brilliant but far more truly great, Rudolph of Hapsburg, emperor from 1273 to 1291, the founder of the Austrian dynasty, the ancestor of its sovereigns, the parallel, I had almost said the equal, of our own Edward I. In Spain, Ferdinand III. and his son, Alfonso X., whose reigns united gave Spain peace and prosperity for fifty-four years (1230-1284).

How comes it that in this epoch lands so different as Italy, Spain, France, En-

gland, and Germany, produce rulers who, in all essentials as statesmen, are so closely parallel in act, whilst widely different in character? Frederick II., in nature seems the antithesis of St. Louis, so does Philip Augustus of Ferdinand III., our profound and cultured Edward I. of his martial contemporary, Rudolph of Hapsburg. Yet these men, differing so entirely in nature and in gifts, ruling men so different as those of Sicily and Austria, Castile and England, all exercise the same functions in the same way; all are great generals, administrators, legislators, statesmen, founders of nations, authors of constitutions, supporters of the Church, promoters of learning. Clearly it is that their time is the Golden Age of kings, an age when the social conditions forced forth all the manhood and the genius of the born ruler; when the ruled were by habit, religion, and by necessity eager to welcome the great king and cheerfully helped him in his task. Of them all, St. Louis is certainly the most beautiful nature, Frederick II. the most interesting personality, our Simon de Montfort the most genuine patriot, our own Edward I. the most creative mind, and he and Philip Augustus the kings whose work was the most pregnant with permanent results; but we may find in a much ruder nature, in Rudolph of Hapsburg, the simple, unwearied, warrior chief, who finally turned the German kings from Italy to the north, who never quarrelled with the Church, who so sternly asserted the arm of law, and whose whole life was an unbroken series of well-won triumphs — the most truly typical king of the thirteenth century. Frederick II. and Edward I. are really in advance of their age; and St. Louis and Ferdinand III. are saints and churchmen more than kings.

Together with the kings must be kept always in view the base on which the power of the kings was founded — the growing greatness of the towns. There were two allied forces which divided the inheritance of feudalism — the monarchs on the one hand, the burghers on the other. The thirteenth century is eminently the era of the foundation of the great towns north of the Alps. In France, in Spain, in England, in Burgundy, in Flanders, and even we may say in Germany, the princes never became strong but by alliance with the wealth, the intelligence, the energy, of the cities. To the burghers the kings represented civilization, internal peace, good government; to the kings the towns represented the sinews of war, the

material and intellectual sources of their splendor, of their armies, their civil organization. Hence, in the thirteenth century, there grew in greatness, side by side and in friendly alliance, the two powers which, in later centuries, have fought out such obstinate battles—the monarchies and the people. And out of this alliance, at once its condition and its instrument, there grew up Cortes, Diets, States-General, Parliaments, Charters, constitutional laws, codes, and ordinances.

It is true that in Italy, Spain, Provence, and Languedoc, we find rich trading towns as early as the first Crusade, but it was not until the thirteenth century that we can call any northern city an independent power, with a large, wealthy, and proud population, a municipal life of its own, and a widely extended commerce. By the end of the thirteenth century Europe is covered with such towns—Paris, London, Strasburg, Cologne, Ghent, Rouen, Bordeaux, in the first line, the great wool cities of east England, the ports of the south and west, the great river cities of France along the Loire, the Rhone, the Garonne, the Seine, the rich, artistic, laborious, and crowded cities of Flanders, the rich and powerful cities on the Rhine from Basel down to Arnheim, the cities of the Danube, the Elbe, and the Baltic. This is the age of the great confederation of the Rhine and the rise of the Hanseatic League; for in Germany and in Flanders, where the towns could not count on the protection of a friendly and central monarchy, the towns formed mutual leagues for protection and support amongst themselves. It would need a volume to work out this complex development. But we may take it that, for northern Europe, the thirteenth century is the era of the definitive establishment of rich, free, self-governing municipalities. It is the flourishing era of town charters, of city leagues, and of the systematic establishment of a European commerce, north of the Mediterranean, both inter-provincial and international. And out of these rich and teeming cities arose that social power destined to such a striking career in the next six centuries—the middle class, a new order in the State, whose importance rests on wealth, intelligence, and organization, not on birth or on arms. And out of that middle class rose popular representation, election by the commons, *i.e.*, by communes, or corporate constituencies, the third estate. The history of popular representation in Europe would occupy a volume, or many volumes; its conception,

birth, and youth, fall within the great century.

The Great Charter, which the barons, as real representatives of the whole nation, wrested from John in 1215, did not, it is true, contain any scheme of popular representation; but it asserted the principle, and it laid down canons of public law which led directly to popular representation and a parliamentary constitution. The Great Charter has been talked about for many centuries in vague superlatives of praise, by those who had little precise or accurate knowledge of it. But now that our knowledge of it is full and exact, we see that its importance was in no way exaggerated, and perhaps was hardly understood; and we find it hard adequately to express our admiration of its wise, just, and momentous policy. The Great Charter of 1215 led in a direct line to the complete and developed Parliament of 1295. And Bishop Stubbs has well named the interval between the two the eighty years of struggle for a political constitution. The Charter of John contains the principle of taxation through the common council of the realm. From the very first year after it representative councils appear; first from counties, then, in 1254, we have a regular Parliament from shires; in 1264, after the battle of Lewes, Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, summoned two discreet representatives from towns and cities by writ; in 1273, Edward I. summoned what was in effect a Parliament; and after several Parliaments summoned in intervening years, we have the first complete and finally constituted Parliament in 1295.

But our own, the greatest and most permanent of Parliaments, was by no means the earliest. Representatives of cities and boroughs had come to the Cortes of Castile and of Arragon in the twelfth century; early in the thirteenth century Frederick II. summoned them to general courts in Sicily; in the middle of the century the towns sent deputies to the German Diets; in 1277, the commons and towns swear fealty to Rudolph of Hapsburg; in 1291 was founded in the mountains of Schwytz that Swiss confederation which has just celebrated its six hundredth anniversary; and, in 1302, Philip the Fair summoned the States-General to back him in his desperate duel with Boniface VIII. Thus, seven years after Edward I. had called to Westminster that first true Parliament which has had there so great a history over six hundred years, Philip called together to Notre Dame at Paris the three

estates—the clergy, the baronage, and the commons. So clear is it that the thirteenth century called into being that momentous element of modern civilization, the representation of the people in Parliament.

Side by side with Parliaments there grew up the power of the law-courts; along with constitutions, civil jurisprudence. Our Edward I. is often called, and called truly, the English Justinian. The authority of the decisions of the courts, the development of law by direct legislation—*i.e.*, case-law as we know it, legislative amendment of the law as we know it—first begin with the reign of Edward I. From that date to this hour we have an unbroken sequence of development in our judicial, as much as in our parliamentary history. An even more momentous transformation of law took place throughout France. There the kings created the powerful order of the jurists, and ruled at home and abroad through them. In the legislation of Philip Augustus, the translation under him of the "*Corpus Juris*" into French, the famous "*Etablissements*" of St. Louis, at the middle of the century, the growing importance of the *Parlements*, or judicial councils, under Philip the Fair at the end of the century, we have the first resurrection of the Roman civil law to fight out its long contest with the feudal law, which has led to its ultimate supremacy in the "*Civil Code*" of our day.

These, however, are but the external facts forming the framework within which the moral and intellectual ferment of the thirteenth century moved and worked; and in grouping in a few paragraphs the well-known outlines of the political events of that age we are merely tracing the skeleton of the living forces of the time. In many ways the thirteenth century created by anticipation much of the Renaissance that we associate with the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It was a revival or new era, deeper, purer, more constructive than the latter movement, which we commonly speak of as *Renaissance*. This superfluous Gallicism is a term which we should do well to drop; for it suggests a national character to a European movement; it implies a new birth, in the spirit of mendacious vanity, so characteristic of the age of Cellinis and Aretinos; and it expresses the negative side of what was largely a mere evolution of the past. As a creative movement, the profound uprising of intellect and soul concentrated in Dante was a far nobler and more potent

effort than any form of classical revival. The movement we associate with the epoch of Leo X., of Francis I., and Charles V. was only one of the series of European efforts to realize a more complete type of moral and social life; and of them all it was the one most deeply tainted with the spirit of vanity, of impurity, and of anarchy. Of all the epochs of effort after a new life, that of the age of Aquinas, Roger Bacon, St. Francis, St. Louis, Giotto, and Dante is the most purely spiritual, the most really constructive, and indeed the most truly philosophic.

Between the epoch of Charlemagne and the revolutionary reconstruction of the present century we may count at least four marked periods of concerted effort in western Europe to found a broader and higher type of society. European civilization advances, no doubt, in a way which is most irregular, and yet in the long run continuous. But we may still trace very distinct periods of special activity and common upheaval. One of these periods is the age of Hildebrand, the great Norman chiefs, Lanfranc, Anselm, and the first Crusade. The second period is that which opens with Innocent III. and closes with Dante. The third is the classical revival from Louis XI. to Charles V. The fourth is the philosophic and scientific movement of the age of Voltaire, Diderot, and Hume, which preceded the great revolutionary wars. The first two movements, in the golden age of popes and Crusades, were sincere attempts to reform society on a Catholic and feudal basis. They did not succeed, but they were both inspired with great and beautiful ideals. And the movement of the thirteenth century was more humane, more intellectual, more artistic, more original, and more poetic than that of the eleventh century. The so-called Renaissance, or humanistic revival, was a time of extraordinary brilliancy and energy; but it was avowedly based on insurrection and destruction, and it was an utterly premature attempt to found an intellectual humanism without either real humanity or sound scientific knowledge. And the age of Voltaire, though it had both humanity and science, was even more destructive in its aim; for it erected negation into its own creed, and proposed to regenerate mankind by "stamping out the infamy" (of religion).

It follows then that, if we are to select any special period for the birth of a regenerate and developed modern society, we may take the age of Dante, 1265-1321, as that which witnessed the mighty trans-

formation from a world which still trusted in the faith of a Catholic and feudal constitution of society to a world which was teeming with ideas and wants incompatible with Catholic or feudal systems altogether. The whole thirteenth century was crowded with creative forces in philosophy, art, poetry, and statesmanship as rich as those of the humanist Renaissance. And if we are accustomed to look on them as so much more limited and rude, it is because we forget how very few and poor were their resources and their instruments. In creative genius, Giotto is the peer, if not the superior, of Raphael. Dante had all the qualities of his three chief successors — and very much more besides. It is a tenable view that, in pure inventive fertility and in imaginative range, those vast composite creations — the cathedrals of the thirteenth century — in all their wealth of architecture, statuary, painted glass, enamels, embroideries, and inexhaustible decorative work, may be set beside the entire painting of the sixteenth century. Albert and Aquinas, in philosophic range, had no peer until we come down to Descartes. Nor was Roger Bacon surpassed in versatile audacity of genius and in true encyclopædic grasp, by any thinker between him and his namesake, the chancellor. In statesmanship, and all the qualities of the born leader of men, we can only match the great chiefs of the thirteenth century by comparing them with the greatest names three or even four centuries later.

The thirteenth century was indeed an abortive revival. It was a failure; but a splendid failure. Men as great as any the world has known in thought, in art, in action, profoundly believed that society could be permanently organized on Catholic and feudal lines. It was an illusion; but it was neither an unworthy nor an inexcusable illusion; for there were great resources, both in Catholic and in feudal powers. And it was not possible for the greatest minds, after the thousand years of interval which had covered Europe since the age of the Antonines, to understand how vast were the defects of their own age in knowledge, in the arts of life, and in social organization. They had no ancient world, or what we call to-day the revival of learning; they had no real science; and even the ordinary commonplaces of every Greek and Roman were to them a profound mystery. What was even worse, they did not know how much they needed to know; they had no measure of their own ignorance. And thus even in-

tellects like those of Albert, Aquinas, and Dante could still dream of a final co-ordination of human knowledge on the lines of some subjective recasting of the Catholic verities. And they naturally imagined that, after all, society could be saved by some regeneration of the Church — though we now see that this was far less possible than to expect Pope Boniface eventually to turn out a saint, like Bernard of Clairvaux or Francis of Assisi.

And just as the men of intellect still believed that it was possible to recast the Catholic scheme, so men of action still believed it possible to govern nations on the feudal scheme, and with the help of the feudal magnates. For a time, all through the thirteenth century, men of very noble character or of commanding genius did manage to govern in this way, by the help first of the churchmen, then of the growing townships, and by constantly exhausting their own barons in foreign expeditions. Philip Augustus, Blanche, St. Louis, and Philip the Fair held their own by a combination of high qualities and fortunate conditions. In England the infamous John and his foolish son forced the feudal chiefs to become statesmen themselves. Edward I., Rudolph of Hapsburg, Albert of Austria, Henry of Luxemburg, succeeded in marshalling their fierce baronial squadrons. But it could only be done by extraordinary skill and fortune, and even then but for a short time. After them, for nearly two hundred years, Europe was delivered over to an orgie of feudal anarchy. The dreadful Hundred Years' War between France and England, the wars of succession, the Wars of the Roses, the dismemberment of France, the confusion of Spain, the decadence of the Empire ensued.

Thus the political history of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries is a record of bloodshed and anarchy, until men like the grim Louis XI., Ferdinand V. and Charles V., and the Tudors in England, finally succeeded in mastering feudalism by the aid of the middle classes and middle-class statesmen. But, as neither middle class nor middle-class statesmen existed in the thirteenth century, the kings were forced to do the best they could with their feudal resources. What they did was often very good, and sometimes truly wonderful. It could not permanently succeed; but its very failure was a grand experiment. And thus, whether in the spiritual and intellectual world, or in the political and social world, the thirteenth century — the last great effort of

the Middle Ages — was doomed to inevitable disappointment, because the preceding thousand years of history had deprived it of the only means by which success was possible.

The unmistakable sign that the real force of Catholicism was exhausted may be read in the transfer of the intellectual leadership from the monasteries to the schools, from the churchmen to the doctors. And this transfer was thoroughly effected in the thirteenth century. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries the spiritual and philosophic guidance of mankind was in the hands of true monks. Clugny, Clairvaux, St. Denis, Bec, Canterbury, Merton, Malmsbury, Glastonbury, and Croyland, sent out teachers and rulers. St. Bernard managed to silence Abailard. But in the thirteenth century it is not the monasteries but the universities that hold up the torch. Paris, Oxford, Montpellier, and the like, were wholly secular schools; for, though the leading doctors and professors of this age are still nominally churchmen, and even monks, their whole moral and mental attitude, and the atmosphere of their schools, are strictly secular, and not monastic. Within two generations the Dominican and Franciscan houses, founded at the beginning of the century in such a whirlwind of ecstatic devotion, became celebrated schools of learning and secular education, so that Aquinas has almost as little of the missionary passion of St. Dominic as Roger Bacon has of the mystic tenderness of St. Francis. It is a fact of deep significance that, within a generation of the foundation of the Mendicant Orders, the Descartes and the Bacon of the thirteenth century were both on the roll of the Friars. So rapidly did mystic theology tend to develop into free inquiry. It would be hard to find anything more utterly unlike the saintly ideal of monasticism than were Paris and Oxford at the end of the thirteenth century. Its whole intellectual character may be measured by the light of these two famous seminaries of the new thought.

It was the great age of the schools we call universities, for though those of Italy belong to an earlier age, the thirteenth century gave full stature to the universities of Paris, and of Oxford, of Orleans, Toulouse, and Montpellier, of Cordova, Seville, and Toledo. That of Paris received from Philip Augustus in 1215 (the year of our Great Charter) her formal constitution, and all through the thirteenth century her "nations" of twenty thousand

students formed the main intellectual centre of Europe. The University of Oxford was hardly second to that of Paris; and though the history of the Oxford schools is in its origin obscure, and even local, in the thirteenth century we can trace the definite constitution of the university and the momentous foundation of the colleges, when Walter de Merton, in the reign of Edward I., gave statutes to Merton College. Thus the origin of our great English university is almost exactly coeval with the origin of our English Parliament.

The same age also witnessed the revival of rational philosophy after its long sleep of a thousand years. Intellects quite as powerful as those of the Greek thinkers took up the task of constructing a harmony of general ideas on the ground where it had been left by the Alexandrine successors of Aristotle and Plato. The best teachers of the thirteenth century had conceptions and aims very far broader and more real than those of Abailard, of William of Champeaux, or John of Salisbury in the twelfth century, who were little more than theological logicians. The thirteenth century had an instrument of its own, at least as important to human progress as the classical revival of the fifteenth century. This was the recovery in substance of the works of Aristotle. By the middle of the thirteenth century the entire works of Aristotle were more or less sufficiently known. For the most part they were translated from the Arabic, where they had lain hid for six centuries, like papyri discovered in an Egyptian mummy case. They were made known by Alexander Hales at Paris, by Albert the Great and Aquinas, his pupil and successor. Albert of Cologne, the "Universal Doctor," as they called him, might himself, by virtue of his encyclopædic method, be styled the Aristotle of the thirteenth century, as St. Bonaventura, the "Seraphic Doctor," the mystical metaphysician, may be called the Plato of the thirteenth century. Roger Bacon, the Oxford Franciscan, is even yet but imperfectly known to us, though he is often compared, not unfavorably, with his famous namesake, the author of the "Novum Organum." But, in spite of the amazing ingenuity of the founder of natural philosophy in modern Europe, we can hardly hesitate to place above all his contemporaries — the "Angelic Doctor," Thomas Aquinas, the Descartes of the thirteenth century, and beyond doubt the greatest philosophic mind between Aristotle and Descartes.

Albert, Roger, Thomas, combined, as did Aristotle and Descartes, the science of nature with the philosophy of thought; and, though we look back to the "Opus Majus" of Roger Bacon with wonder and admiration for his marvellous anticipatory guesses of modern science, we cannot doubt that Aquinas was truly the mightier intellect. Roger Bacon was, indeed, four centuries in advance of his age — on his own age and on succeeding ages he produced no influence at all. But Aquinas was "the master of those who know" for all Christian thinkers from his death, in 1274, until the age of Francis Bacon and Descartes. Roger Bacon, like Leonardo da Vinci, or Giordano Bruno, or Spinoza, belongs to the order of intellectual pioneers, who are too much in advance of their age and of its actual resources to promote civilization as they might do, or even to make the most of their own extraordinary powers.

An age which united aspiring intellect, passionate devotion, and constructive power, naturally created a new type of sacred art. The pointed architecture, that we call Gothic, had its rise, its development, its highest splendor in the thirteenth century, to which we owe all that is most lovely in the churches of Chartres, Amiens, Reims, Paris, Bourges, Strasburg, Cologne, Burgos, Toledo, Westminster, Salisbury, and Lincoln. It is true that there are some traces of the pointed style in France in the twelfth century, at St. Denis, at Sens, and at Laon; but the true glories of this noble art belong, in France, to the reigns of Philip Augustus and of St. Louis; in England, to those of Henry III. and Edward I. In these two countries we must seek the origin of this wonderful creation of human art, of which Chartres, Amiens, and Westminster are the central examples. These glorious fanes of the thirteenth century were far more than works of art; they were at once temples, national monuments, museums, schools, musical academies, and parliament halls, where the whole people gathered to be trained in every form of art, in all kinds of knowledge, and in all modes of intellectual cultivation. They were the outgrowth of the whole civilization of their age in a manner so complete and intense, that its like was never before seen, except on the Acropolis of Athens, in the age of Æschylus and Pericles. It is not enough to recall the names of the master masons — Robert de Luzarches, Robert de Coucy, Erwin of Steinbach, and Pierre de Montereau. These vast tem-

ples are the creation of generations of men and the embodiment of entire epochs; and he who would know the Middle Ages should study in detail every carved figure, every painted window, each canopy, each relief, each portal in Amiens, or Chartres, Reims, Bourges, Lincoln, or Salisbury, and he will find revealed to him more than he can read in a thousand books.

Obviously the thirteenth century is the great age of architecture — the branch of art which of all the arts of form is at once the most social, the most comprehensive, and the most historic. Great buildings include sculpture, painting, and all the decorative arts together; they require the co-operation of an entire people; and they are, in a peculiar manner, characteristic of their age. The special arts of form are more associated with individual genius. These, as was natural, belong to centuries later than the thirteenth. But, even in the thirteenth, sculpture gave us the peopled portals and the exquisite canopies of our northern cathedrals, the early palaces of Venice, and the carvings of Nicolas and John of Pisa, which almost anticipate Ghiberti and Donatello. And in painting, Cimabue opens in this century the long roll of Italian masters, and Giotto was already a youth of glorious promise, before the century was closed.

The literature of the thirteenth century does not, in the strict sense of the term, stand forth with such special brilliancy as its art, its thought, and its political activity. As in most epochs of profound stirring of new ideas and of great efforts after practical objects, the energy of the age was not devoted to the composition of elaborate works. It was natural that Dante should be a century later than Barbarossa and Innocent, and that Petrarch of Vaucluse should be a century later than Francis of Assisi. But the thirteenth century was amply represented, both in poetry, romance, and prose history. All of these trace their fountain-heads to an earlier age, and all of them were fully developed in a later age. But French prose may be said to have first taken form in the chronicle of Villehardouin at the opening of the century, and the chronicle of Joinville at its close. The same century also added to the Catholic Hymnal some of the most powerful pieces in that glorious anthology — the "Dies Iræ," the "Stabat Mater," the grand hymns of Aquinas, of Bonaventura, and of Thomas of Celano. It produced also that rich repertory of devotional story, the "Golden

Legend" of Voragine. It was, moreover, the thirteenth century which produced the main part of the "Roman de la Rose," the favorite reading of the Middle Ages, some of the best forms of the Arthurian cycle, Rutebœuf and the French lyrists, some of the most brilliant of the troubadours, Sordello, Brunetto Latini, Guido Cavalcanti, and the precursors and associates of Dante.

As to Dante himself, it is not easy to place him in a survey of the thirteenth century. In actual date and in typical expression he belongs to it, and yet he does not belong to it. The century itself has a transitional, an ambiguous character. And Dante, like it, has a transitional and double office. He is the poet, the prophet, the painter of the Middle Ages. And yet, in so many things, he anticipates the modern mind and modern art. In actual date, the last year of the thirteenth century is the "middle term" of the poet's life, his thirty-fifth year. Some of his most exquisite work was already produced, and his whole mind was grown to maturity. On the other hand, every line of the "Divine Comedy" was actually written in the fourteenth century, and the poet lived in it for twenty years. Nor was the entire vision complete until near the poet's death in 1321. In spirit, in design, in form, this great creation has throughout this double character. By memory, by inner soul, by enthusiasm, Dante seems to dwell with the imperial chiefs of Hohenstaufen, with Francis and Dominic, Bernard and Aquinas. He paints the Catholic and feudal world; he seems saturated with the Catholic and feudal sentiment. And yet he deals with popes, bishops, Church, and conclaves with the audacious intellectual freedom of a Paris dialectician or an Oxford doctor. Between the lines of the great Catholic poem we can read the death-sentence of Catholic Church and feudal hierarchy. Like all great artists, Dante paints a world which only subsisted in ideal and in memory, just as Spenser and Shakespeare transfigured in their verse a humanistic and romantic society such as had long disappeared from the region of fact. And for this reason, and for others, it were better to regard the sublime "Dies Iræ," which the Florentine wanderer chanted in his latter years over the grave of the Middle Ages, as belonging in its inner spirit to a later time, and as being in reality the dawn of modern poetry.

In Dante, as in Giotto, in Frederic II., in Edward I., in Roger Bacon, we may

hear the trumpet which summoned the Middle Ages into the modern world. The true spirits of the thirteenth century, still Catholic and feudal, are Innocent III., St. Francis, Stephen Langton, Grossetête, Aquinas, Bonaventura, and Albert of Cologne; Philip Augustus, St. Louis, the Barons of Runnymede and Simon de Montfort; the authors of the "Golden Legend" and the "Catholic Hymns," the doctors of Paris, Oxford, and Bologna; the builders of Amiens, Notre Dame, Lincoln, and Westminster.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

From Murray's Magazine.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

BY STEWART DAWSON.

I.

"AND therefore," continued a somewhat high, piping voice, the voice of the provost, "in the face of the ribald excesses, and the offences against proper academic discipline, which have of late, and especially during the present term, marked the history of the college, it becomes incumbent on us to enforce those powers which by the wise constitution of this ancient foundation are committed to our charge."

The provost rolled these last words over his tongue as if their enunciation did him good, stopped dead, and looked very much as if he were going to sleep; but waking up at a warning cough and a still more warning look from the dean, he continued:—

"Three times this term have senior members of this college, the most respected of its fellows and tutors, been made the victims of rude and insulting practical jokes, by — by —"

Here the provost, who was speaking slowly, and with hesitation, as if he were repeating by heart a lesson he had but indifferently mastered, appeared in some danger of losing the thread of his discourse; whereupon the dean on his right hand, coming to his rescue, muttered the words, "Screws! fireworks!"

"Ah, yes! as the dean reminds me, his outer-door was fastened with screws and fireworks were ignited beneath his windows; in short, there is a rebellious spirit in the college, more fitting to — to —"

"To the brutal license of a military mess," suggested the dean, tugging at his bristly black beard, and trying hard to

look as if he understood what he was talking about.

"Quite so, Mr. Dean," from the provost, whose military knowledge was confined to an exact acquaintance with the composition of the phalanx and the legion; "quite so, than to one of the first colleges in Oxford. You deny, Mr. — Mr. —"

The provost hesitated, it would ill consort with his dignity to remember off-hand the name of an undergraduate.

"Beaton, Charles Beaton," — this from the dean.

"Ah, yes. Mr. Beaton, you deny any complicity in these attacks? — which we unfortunately are not in a position to bring home to you. But you acknowledge, as indeed you cannot help doing, your participation in the disgraceful riot of last night, that you — you —"

The provost hesitated again, and began to turn over with feeble, uncertain touch the papers lying before him.

The dean on his right hand as aforesaid, and the bursar on his left, knew what he wanted, and in a twinkling the record of Charlie's delinquencies was in the provost's hand.

"Yes, after a supper, a bump-supper, held —"

"Without my permission," interpolated the dean.

"To celebrate some success gained by the college boat on the river, you at the head of a party of some twelve or fourteen undergraduates, all like yourself members of the boat's crew —"

"Not all fourteen, sir," urged Charlie. "The boat's only an eight, not a trireme."

"Silence, sir! At the head of several men, junior to yourself, you invaded the rooms of one of the most respected and hard-working exhibitioners of the college, dragged him from his bed, and rumbled his hair. You do not deny this; as I understand your only defence is that it is a common custom in the college."

"Certainly, sir," said Charlie Beaton. "I've often been treated so myself."

"Such a defence, sir," replied the provost, with judicial emphasis, "is no defence at all; it is but an aggravation of your culpability. It — it betrays a state of affairs we will no longer permit to exist within our walls; a — a —"

The provost was again at a loss for a word, and looked inquiringly at the dean; receiving for once no assistance in that quarter, he turned towards the bursar, who suggested "rowdyism!"

"That is not the word I should have selected, Mr. Bursar, but, if I understand

it aright, it conveys my idea. The person who would be guilty of an unprovoked assault on his fellow-student, would shrink from no subversion of academic discipline; and that you were the ringleader in such an assault I hold your own confession."

"I didn't assault him — none of us did," maintained Charlie.

"You rumbled his hair, sir," returned the provost severely, "it is here in your own words, taken down by myself, 'I don't deny that I rumbled his hair.' 'Rumpled,' your own phrase, Mr. Beaton, the word is not of my choice. Your companions, to whom as a senior man you should have been careful to set a better example, will be sufficiently punished by being confined to the college gates for the remainder of the term; but we cannot but regard your case as so significant of the present *lawless condition of the college*," the provost gave great emphasis to these words, and glanced the while triumphantly at the bursar, feeling that he had expressed the idea of "rowdyism" without having recourse to so slang a term, "as to call for far different measures; as regards yourself, therefore, Mr. Beaton, we are compelled to vindicate the discipline of the college, and to punish this outrage in an exemplary manner. Your name must therefore be removed from our books; you are no longer a member of this college or of the university, and you must leave Oxford by this evening at the latest."

The provost was silent; glad to have acquitted himself of an uncongenial task; for he was a kindly old gentleman and disliked inflicting punishment; indeed, he looked far less at ease than did the culprit he had just sentenced, who stood, pale of face, but determined and unabashed in demeanor, at the foot of the long table in the common room, around which were gathered the august body who had just decreed his banishment.

"Do you wish to say anything, sir?" asked the dean sternly.

"Thank you, sir," replied the exile with emphatic, perhaps over-emphatic politeness; "it might have been better to ask that question before I ceased to be a member of your college and university; as an outsider, I have no right or desire to interfere in your deliberations."

"You may go, sir."

And Charles Beaton forthwith made his exit from the common room.

The provost rose and dissolved the meeting; and in a few minutes the room was empty, save for the Rev. Peter

Champneys, the dean, and the Rev. Lewis Wagstaffe, the bursar, who stood in deep discourse by the oriel window overlooking the great quad of the college.

"He got through the business pretty well," said the dean, in patronizing tones.

"Yes, for him, thanks to your prompting," replied the bursar, with even less disguised contempt. "Look at him," he continued, jerking his head, to show of whom he spoke, towards the tall, bent form of the provost, who, with shuffling gait, was slowly making his way across the quad to his own lodge, "look at him, breaking fast; and I say it in no unkindly spirit, my dear Champneys, but with the interests of the college at heart, the sooner the better!"

Having so delivered himself, the bursar sighed sympathetically, and caressed his chin with a hand somewhat overloaded with rings. He was proud of his hand, perhaps also a little proud of his rings, and could not resist the impulse to show them off even to so irresponsible a spectator as Peter Champneys, who cared as little for the one as for the other.

"The provost really seems unable to put three words together on the most ordinary matters of routine; the only times to-day when he conquered his hesitation was when he brought in a few of his stock phrases, 'the wise constitution of this ancient foundation,' out of his annual freshmen's sermon, and so forth."

"Ah! I fear he is a Philistine," said the bursar; "his own inclination would have been to condone young Beaton's offence, because I suppose he is a rowing-man, who has made the boat successful."

"We are going to rack and ruin as fast as we can," said the dean flatly, knitting his brows and shaking his shaggy locks in the direction of the retreating head of the college. "He's behind the spirit of the age; our present position is deplorable, we are a by-word — a by-word in Oxford, where we used to set the standard of excellence. When he —" the dean hesitated.

"Goes," suggested the bursar softly.

"Yes, goes; his successor will have great chances. Passmen must of course be abolished; every undergraduate here must be a candidate for honors."

"Other colleges do it, why not ourselves? Then the absurd devotion to athletic pursuits must be checked. I actually believe there are some here who consider the captain of the college boat club as important a personage as ourselves!"

"And, above all things, discipline must be rigorously enforced. Anything more pitiable than the present state of affairs."

"Ah! these screwings up, and insulting discharges of fireworks," said the bursar, with deep feeling, "they argue a brutish disregard for the artistic side of the academic life which I cannot help attributing to our unfortunate architectural disadvantages. Were the college buildings more worthy of our patriotic pride, these outrages would be less likely to occur. By the way, I have heard from Mr. Radclyffe, the architect, as to the new building's scheme."

"Radclyffe — a very expensive man, surely; he is at the top of the tree, is he not?"

"The first man of the day, my dear Champneys; no one else could adequately design a new front for this college. He suggests that we should acquire land beyond the provost's garden, and place our new quadrangle there, with a frontage to the High Street."

"But, my dear Wagstaffe, the cost would be enormous! How could we stand such a drain on our finances?"

"The college finances are in good case, my dear dean, you may take the bursar's word for that; our rents have never been so high or so regularly paid. Besides, such an addition would pay its own way as a speculation; I should anticipate that, with the other reforms we contemplate, it would go far to double our numbers. I only regret that all our reforms are delayed. If the provost would only —"

"Well, well, all in good time," replied the dean, with ghoul-like pleasantry; "we have done well, at any rate, to get rid of that young man to-day. He is a disturbing element in the college, a specimen of all that is objectionable — a passman, a rowing-man; occasionally, I believe, a hunting-man; ah! we must eliminate all such when the provost goes."

"I suppose there can be no doubt," said the bursar, with a little hesitation, "of Beaton's being concerned in the outrage on my 'oak.'"

"And on mine; do not forget, pray, that I have been similarly insulted. Doubt! I have no doubt of it! Have you?"

"I? No! But the general feeling of the common room was that there was not sufficient evidence."

"I cannot conceive what evidence the common room required. One would think from their views that we were bound by the rules of an ordinary court of justice. He acknowledged to possessing a screw-

driver which fitted the screws in my door, that is quite enough for me with Mr. Beaton; but when he asked if the fact of his having a box of matches in his waistcoat pocket was enough to convict him of having lit the fireworks, some of the junior fellows so far forgot themselves as to laugh."

"Fortunately, as regards the other matter he had no option but to admit enough for our purpose, and we are rid of him. And I trust we shall soon be rid of all the set he ably represents."

"With whom he appears immensely popular. I suppose," said the bursar with a sigh, "I must go and settle accounts with him before he leaves. An unfortunate interruption to me, when I was busy with Radclyffe's proposal for the new buildings. Still, they can wait, for the provost will not hear of the scheme."

"He considered it too speculative to involve the college in the mortgages you proposed, did he not?"

"Yes, he has narrow, old-fashioned views on finance as on other matters. I pointed out to him that a corporate body like ourselves could safely do what in the case of a private individual might be unwise; but he tersely said debt was debt, whether one owed it or many. We must wait, and prepare the way of reform by purging the college of its malcontents, which reminds me of Beaton. I will go and make out the account of his battels, and then write to Mr. Radclyffe."

II.

ONE fine summer morning, just ten years after Charlie Beaton's compulsory disappearance from Oxford, the Rev. Lewis Wagstaffe sat in his gorgeous apartments in the gorgeous new buildings of his college before a writing-table which groaned with the paraphernalia of his office; for amid all the changes which ten years had brought to the shifting microcosm of that "ancient foundation," Lewis Wagstaffe was its bursar still. The provost, that kindly old gentleman who in the past so unwillingly decreed Charlie's banishment, has long been dead; he sleeps, not with his fathers, but with his predecessors in office in the college chapel, and Peter Champneys, some time dean, reigns as provost in his stead. For the rest, there are changes in the common room, where practically a fresh generation of dons is in residence; changes even more wholesale among the undergraduates, of whom some three generations have passed through the college since we left

it, along with Charles Beaton, ten years ago; but, amid all this ebbing and flowing of the human tide, the bursar sticks constant to his post, a sort of academic Casabianca. Why? It cannot be from any fondness for it, to judge by his expression as he sits this morning in the midst of a perfect chaos of accounts, looking the picture of discontent and misery. And no wonder, for before his bewildered gaze are spread in hideous confusion account-books of every shape and size, bank pass-books, cheque-books, bundles of old cheques, papers, and parchments of legal and uninviting aspect, besides a general litter of correspondence and memoranda. Let us listen to the excellent bursar, as he mutters to himself, staring the while with rueful visage on an open letter of ominously blue complexion.

"What overrated ass invented the proverb that when things are at their worst they will mend? My experience is that when things are at their worst, they invariably get worse still in no time. 'This was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof.' What does Peterson say?"

And again he referred to the letter, and read aloud:—

"101 Lincoln's Inn Fields,
"June 2, 188—.

"DEAR SIR,—

"I beg to remind you that on the 24th inst., a further principal sum of £1,200 will be due from your college on account of the debt on your new buildings, together with the further sum of £300 for interest and arrears of interest on the same account.

"I enclose a memorandum of various sums also due from your college at the same date to several parties, on account of the various mortgages on your properties, the particulars whereof are therein set forth. Such sums amount altogether to £520. You will therefore have to be ready to pay through our hands on quarter-day next (the 24th inst.) the sum of £2,020. I remind you of these matters, lest they should slip your memory, as has occurred on some previous occasions; and as you will now be preparing your accounts for the annual audit of the college on the 10th proximo, it will doubtless be a satisfaction to you to have these matters settled by that date.

"Your obedient servants,

"PETERSON AND PAULSON.

"P.S.—Should you desire to see us on the matter, which we need scarcely remind you is of the greatest urgency, you will

find Mr. Peterson here to-morrow (Thursday) afternoon between four and five o'clock."

"£2,020 within three weeks," continued the bursar, nervously running a shaky hand through his still luxuriant locks, "I don't know that we can count on 2,020 pence; certainly not unless we submit to further reduce our incomes, or to plunge ourselves deeper into the mire with a fresh mortgage. Of course the provost must be consulted in the matter; that is why I have asked him to come and see the accounts for himself; but he is a hasty man; his reforms were well-intentioned, but there was no need to be in such a hurry with them."

A tap at the door and the provost enters; little changed since the days of his deanship, save for an extra greyness of the hair, and an extra pomposity of manner.

"Good-morning, bursar. I received your note, and have come to you as you wished," says he, with mighty condescension.

"I am sorry to have troubled you, provost, and I must apologize for asking you to see me here, and not at the lodge; but it is a matter of finance which is very pressing, and all the books and papers are here. Will you read this, sir?" and he placed in the provost's hand Mr. Peterson's letter.

"Hm! ha! £2,020. Well, bursar, is there any difficulty about this?"

"Unfortunately there is every difficulty, sir. We have not got the money, nor are we likely to have it within the specified time unless we are prepared to make the most unwelcome sacrifices."

"We will discuss the future presently; but first I must say, Mr. Bursar, that the financial affairs of the college have been of late years most unhappily conducted. These mortgages, I know, are liabilities of long standing, such as all colleges incur; but this heavy debt on the new buildings was a most unwise proceeding, hampering and dragging us down just when my reforms needed sound pecuniary support."

"Permit me to say, Mr. Provost, that I differ from you — respectfully, of course — but I differ *in toto*. My new buildings are acknowledged to be the most successful addition to the architectural beauties of the university that have been erected in the present century; enthusiasts visit Oxford simply to see them. Professor

Ruskin has written a little book about them; I cannot understand a word of it, I confess; but it is beautifully bound, and I have committed to memory a few passages from it, which I quote with unflinching success to strangers as I show them over the buildings. There is *no* fault to be found with the new quadrangle. All that we have to do now is —"

"To pay for it," interrupted the provost sardonically.

"That of course, sir," said the bursar, with a somewhat sickly smile. "I was not about to say that. I was about to say what we have to do is to find men to live in its rooms. Our numbers are sadly low, and that is where I consider that your plans of reform have — have — well, I will say scarcely come up to your own or my expectations. We have at your wish got rid of the passmen, that was a matter comparatively easy of accomplishment, but we have not hitherto replaced them by classmen."

"I fail to understand you, sir. All our undergraduates, now are candidates for honors."

"But few, if any, obtain them. We may take our horses to the water, but we have signally failed to make them drink. We have not obtained a first-class in any school for two years, and the total list of our honors since the new regulation came into force is sadly below that of a corresponding period of the old *régime*."

"You can prove anything by statistics, everybody knows that; and how can we be expected to show well in the schools, crippled as we are by debt. We have only half our proper number of scholars, and the fellows' incomes have been so reduced that they have all taken to 'coaching' private pupils, to the neglect of their college lectures. Good Heavens, Wagstaffe! what can have induced you to embark us in such reckless extravagance?"

"The new buildings have cost double the original estimates," murmured the bursar feebly; "I didn't know it at the time, but I am now told it is always the way when you dabble in bricks and mortar."

"Dabble, sir! We are over head and ears in bricks and mortar; your bricks and your mortar, too, please to remember that."

"Then the agricultural depression, which I never anticipated, has depreciated all our farms; and as to our — our public-house property, of which I scarcely

like to speak, its possession is so derogatory to a corporate body like ourselves."

"It was left to us by a worthy and substantial benefactor, the uncle of the late provost, and used to bring us in a worthy and substantial income; but ever since you conceived the unhappy idea of entrusting its management to young Lushington —"

"He knew more about public-houses than any of us."

"And is now, in consequence, an inmate of a retreat for dipsomaniacs at Clifton."

"We certainly had no idea when we appointed him that he was an agent for various firms of brewers and distillers, and would bind our unhappy tenants to sell nothing but beers and spirits of most indifferent quality, on which he obtained handsome commissions."

"It is useless to lament the past, bursar. This sum of £2,020 must be found within three weeks; what further reductions of income can we afford? The fellows?"

"I fear, provost, nothing further can be expected in that quarter. We have made a point of electing men from other colleges to our fellowships, to avoid perpetuating the principles which obtained here under the late provost; they are therefore sadly lacking in *esprit de corps*, and consider that in foregoing nearly half their incomes they have already made sufficient sacrifices for us."

"The scholars?"

"Under pretence of raising our standard of scholarship we have in the last few years voided half our elections, and reduced their numbers accordingly. To reduce the stipends we must make the fact public, and so advertise our bankrupt condition; besides, the amount so saved would be too small to be of real service to us."

"We had better see Peterson this afternoon, as he suggests in his postscript. What is the use of a solicitor if he cannot suggest some means of escape for us? We had better be prepared to stay the night in town; a single interview with Peterson may not settle the matter, and the sooner the business is concluded one way or the other the better."

"There is nothing for it, I fear, but a further mortgage to tide us over the difficulty, and even then the evil is only deferred. The final instalment of the new building debt is due at Christmas, and what prospect we have of meeting that —"

"By Christmas we shall have in hand the caution money of the freshmen who come into residence next October. Say thirty Freshmen at £30 apiece, that is nearly £1,000, we should have no difficulty in making up the balance."

"Unfortunately we cannot count on thirty Freshmen next October or even twenty; there is a sad falling off in our numbers; if it continues at the present rate, in ten years more the college will be half empty."

"These numerical fluctuations will occur," said the provost, with desperate cheerfulness, "when things are in a transition state as they are with us; at any rate, we have already effected a great improvement in the tone of the college; the noisy orgies of ten years ago are things of the past — those celebrations of boat-race successes —"

"Bump-suppers," suggested the bursar.

"Quite so; I had forgotten the name. It is so long since one has taken place here."

"There has been no occasion for one" (nor had there — the college boat had long since found its way to the bottom of the river); "but there are two sides to that question, Mr. Provost. We no longer make a handsome profit, as we used to do in the days of bump-suppers, out of the kitchen; indeed, it barely pays its way; nor can I quite agree with you that we keep up the quality of our men. The great public schools seem in danger of forgetting our existence."

"The great public schools are over-rated institutions, sir, which we can very well afford to do without," quoth the provost stoutly, who was himself the product of a north-country grammar school, and looked it every inch. "Would you have us return to the days of the late provost? Would you have your oak screwed up, and fireworks on the grass-plot under your windows some three times a term? Lord Newmarket cracking a hunting-whip or blowing a post-horn in the small hours, and Mr. Charles Beaton teaching a pack of terriers to perform circus tricks in the quad when he should have been attending my divinity lecture? By the way, what evil fate has befallen that dreadful set, I wonder?"

"Newmarket started life at a very extravagant rate, as indeed we here do not require to be reminded. What with the turf, cards, and, I believe, other ways of dissipating his substance, he was not long in reaching the end of his tether."

"Ah! gone utterly to the bad and lost

sight of, I suppose. A sad thing for his family, but only to be expected by those who knew him in his youth."

"No, the odd thing is that when things seemed at their worst for him, he disappointed everybody's expectations, retrieved his fortune by marrying an American heiress, and then, as it appears so many young men of his class do nowadays, went into trade."

"Indeed! Newmarket in trade! What! a livery stable-keeper, or a dog-fancier? I can imagine him nothing else."

"No," replied the bursar with a slight blush, "he is a — a ready-money tailor, a large business in Oxford Street; indeed, I used to deal there myself at one time, and should do so now, but in these hard times of reduced fellowships, ready-money payment is not always convenient, and on that point Newmarket is inflexible."

"You surprise me! And Mr. Beaton, what has become of that ne'er-do-weel?"

"When we expelled him some ten years ago, his father, who was then alive, sent him abroad to study foreign languages. Since old Colonel Beaton's death, I am told that the son has been seen in London in extremely indifferent society, 'Bohemian,' I believe it is called, such as writers, painters, and even actors."

"Ah! *facilis descensus*; of one who began life by setting authority at defiance and screwing-up his betters, I could believe anything, even such associates as you speak of."

"Well, let us be off to town and settle the matter. We can catch the midday train, and we will telegraph to Peterson from the railway station to expect us at four o'clock."

III.

SURELY never did two potent, grave, and reverend seigniors present sadder and sorrier appearance than did Peter Champneys, D.D., and Lewis Wagstaffe, M.A., when at some five in the afternoon they emerged from their conference with Mr. Peterson, of Peterson and Paulson, solicitors, Lincoln's Inn Fields. Never since their undergraduate days had they received such a "wiggling" as had been then and there administered to them by their legal adviser. What a memory the man had! What a head for figures! Why, he remembered liabilities which the bursar had clean forgotten, and of which the provost had never heard; and arrears of interest accumulated beneath his recording pencil with a fatal rapidity which reminded the luckless bursar of an ingen-

ious arithmetical puzzle, based on the number of nails in a horse's shoe, wherewith he had in happier times been wont to beguile the five-o'clock tea-tables of Oxford blue-stockings.

"Your college has, under your management," said the man of law, "been for years and years living beyond its income, and you have repeatedly incurred fresh liabilities which you had no reasonable expectation of discharging. The officials of the bankruptcy court had, only a few days ago, very harsh terms and very harsh proceedings also for an individual debtor who was guilty of such practices, and I fail to see that the case is materially altered by the fact of your being a corporate body. Indeed, if a joint stock company came before the court under similar circumstances —"

"You surely, Mr. Peterson, would not compare the college over which I preside to a mushroom trading company. We are one of the most ancient foundations in the University of Oxford."

"I am afraid, Dr. Champneys," replied the solicitor, "that the court might consider that both in your corporate and individual capacity you are old enough to know better. Your property is mortgaged to at least its full value, farms, public-houses, suburban building-land, everything except the college buildings in Oxford themselves, which I dare not advise you to tamper with, and which, if I could, would scarcely present a valuable security to a mortgagee, especially as the college books are by no means as full of names as they should be." (Good Heavens! was there *anything* to their detriment which this man did *not* know.) "Should any one consent to advance what you require, you must be prepared to submit to somewhat onerous conditions; it would be a very speculative matter on the part of the lender."

"Unfortunately we are not in a position to make stipulations. Do you know any capitalist likely to assist us?"

"I certainly know one man who might do so, and I will make a point of seeing him to-night; if you will be here to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock, I may be able to tell you more. Flanders, show these gentlemen out, and bring me the papers in Lord Newmarket's patent case. By the way, his lordship was at your college, was he not? A most enterprising nobleman with a perfect genius for trade; he is resisting by our advice an attempted infringement of his patent automatic brace and trouser-suspender, with a litigious

spirit that does him immense credit. You must indeed be proud of such an 'alumnus.' Ah ha! I can turn a classic phrase at times, you see. Good-day, gentlemen, till eleven o'clock to-morrow."

Sadly and disconsolately did Champneys the provost, and Wagstaffe the bursar, return to their hotel, where they had ordered dinner at the academic hour of seven; fortunately for them that dinner was good, and the post-prandial bottle of port proved not unworthy of an Oxford common room. Somehow by the time the last glass of that bottle was reached, the world did not seem quite so dismal to either of them as it had appeared when they slunk from Mr. Peterson's awful presence; indeed, incredible as they would have thought it a couple of hours before, they found themselves discussing with some animation how they should pass the evening. To remain in the hotel was impossible; it was an old-fashioned house which the provost had used on the rare occasions of his visits to town since his undergraduate days, and to spend the evening in its smoking-room or billiard-room was not to be thought of; while there was no drawing-room, and the waiter was already beginning in the coffee-room to lay a long table for a convivial supper-party of commercial travellers.

They must go out—but whither?

The waiter, pausing in the midst of his labors to come to their rescue, suggested a theatre.

"It is years," said the provost, "since I visited a play-house; but I understand that the public taste has of late effected a marked improvement in dramatic amusements; shall we judge for ourselves? I do not mind confessing that my mind requires some relaxation after the tension it has suffered to-day."

"I too should be glad of something to take me out of myself; this newspaper which the waiter has brought me contains announcements of so many theatres, that I hardly know which to choose; um!—nothing of Shakespeare's, I fear—there is a play here, I see, sir, with the title of 'University Intelligence;' I wonder what *that* is about?"

"Ah!—a funny play that is," said the waiter, "and if you comes from Oxford, as by your talk I reckon you do, it'll make you laugh to rights; why we had a party of Oxford gents supping here last Saturday after they'd seed it. Lor! they did laugh surely, and imitate the actors and all. 'You rumpled 'is 'air, sir,' they'd say, and roar with laughter fit to bust."

"Rumpled his hair!" the phrase somehow seemed familiar to both provost and bursar, but they could neither of them remember where they had heard it.

"It's what they say in the play, sirs, I'm told; ain't seen it myself, 'cause I haven't had an evening out these two months, not since this play's been running. If you gents would like to go there, why the theatre's only round the corner, and 'Boots' would run and book your seats in a minute."

"What do you say, Wagstaffe?"

"My dear provost, I say *anything* to prevent our dwelling on our own affairs. Let the 'Boots,' I beg, secure us a private box. That is, I believe, a part of the theatre where one can see without being seen."

Boots did his errand expeditiously, and within a quarter of an hour our two friends were duly ensconced in the dim recesses of a private box at the Paragon Theatre, awaiting the rising of the curtain.

"A new and original farcical comedy," read Mr. Wagstaffe from the programme, "entitled 'University Intelligence,' or *Lucus a non lucendo*.' Our author professes a smattering of the classics, at any rate."

"Wagstaffe," quoth the provost, "I believe we passed that young Beaton in the entrance-hall; he looked flourishing enough, but one can never judge by appearances."

"If he can afford to visit theatres every evening," says the bursar, thinking ruefully of the cost of the private box, "he must indeed be flourishing; but hush! the curtain is going up."

Two hours later, dishevelled and distraught, they fled from the theatre a few minutes before the final fall of the curtain; nor were their emotions without due excuse, for to them during those two hours had been vouchsafed the power, that power for which the Scottish poet sighed in vain, to see themselves as others saw them; for "University Intelligence" was, as it were, a chapter from their own lives, a chapter ten years old, which they had been glad to forget themselves, and to imagine forgotten by others. And now by some devilish art of the dramatist they lived again the old life, with its bump-suppers! its screwings-up!! its fire-works!!! And not they only, no, that would have been bad enough; to make bad worse, the theatre was thronged with unfeeling crowds—"Philistines," the bursar called them, "Probably from the large public schools to a man," added the pro-

vost, though that could hardly be true of the occupants of pit and gallery — and by those unfeeling crowds were the misfortunes of the stage-provost and the stage-bursar received with most uproarious and unsympathetic mirth; no wonder that those unhappy men who had hoped to find in the Paragon Theatre "something to take them out of themselves," found no such thing. Silently and speedily they fled down the empty staircase, leaving the delighted audience still shrieking over the fiftieth repetition of the humorous catchphrase, "You rumbled his hair, sir!" which now, when restored to its original context and surroundings, they recollected only too well.

In the entrance-hall again was Mr. Charles Beaton, sure enough, addressing in somewhat peremptory and authoritative style a minor official of the theatre. But his old dons were in no mood to confront him now; they stole in somewhat undignified fashion through the swing-doors, nor paused till they stood on the pavement outside.

"Cab or carriage, sir?" says the link-man.

But from neither does he receive reply, for the provost's emotion is too great for words, while the bursar flings abroad, *urbi et orbi*, these broken words: —

"Mr. Charles Beaton, indeed, Mr. Charles Beaton! who openly contemned my logic lectures, and told me to my face that the great classic authors were not solely actuated by a desire to compile 'tips' for honors in the schools! And now the young fellow swaggers about here, looking as if the whole place belonged to him!"

"Young feller, indeed!" says the link-man, overhearing this burst of an overburdened soul. "And why shouldn't he look as if the whole place belonged to him, *old* feller? Considering as how it does! That's my governor, Mr. Charles Beaton, manager of this 'ere theatre, and author of this 'ere play, 'University Intelligence,' as all London's a' coming to see."

IV.

NOTWITHSTANDING an indifferent night and a worse than indifferent breakfast, the eleven o'clock appointment with Mr. Peterson was punctually observed.

"Will you kindly step in here, gentlemen?" says Flanders, the head clerk; "Mr. Peterson is busy with Lord Newmarket about his patent braces; but he'll be with you immediately," and Flanders

ushers the unresisting dons into a waiting-room, and closes the door.

Another client is in the room, at sight of whom both provost and bursar stand aghast, for it is none other than our old friend Charlie Beaton, who, rising cheerful and unabashed as of yore, greets his quondam preceptors with at least the outward semblance of respectful effusion.

"My dear Dr. Champneys, my excellent Mr. Wagstaffe, this is indeed a pleasure, not altogether unexpected on my part, for our friend Mr. Peterson had prepared me for it. And what news of the old college?"

The two dons exchanged looks, which plainly said, "the presence of this young man is undesirable, we must get rid of him."

"Mr. Beaton," said the provost at last, with some hesitation, "do not let us detain you. *We* are here on business."

"My dear Dr. Champneys," replied Charlie suavely, "most people *do* visit their solicitors on business. You are not detaining me, I assure you, for I also am here on business. I don't pay morning calls to Mr. Peterson at six-and-eight pence apiece for my amusement."

"What, sir!" cried the provost, "are you here to borrow money? I am sorry to see this, sorry that the downward course begun so many years ago with the excesses of your undergraduate career —"

"Stop! stop! Dr. Champneys, you are not in your common room now, so you can spare your indignation; besides, I'm not here to borrow money, what can have put such an idea into your head? No, things are prospering with me; I'm more in a position to lend than to borrow, were I so disposed. Indeed, I am here at Mr. Peterson's request, to see some unhappy clients of his who have been spending money too freely, exceeding their income. A foolish business, gentlemen; I always think how our old provost, now dead and gone, used to warn us against debt; a kindly old fellow was the late provost, though he did send me down for 'rumpling an exhibitor's hair'; well, I can afford to forgive him now, and, after all, I suspect my banishment was little enough of *his* doing. Eh! gentlemen?"

Neither the provost nor the bursar appeared ready to throw any light on the subject, while both looked supremely uncomfortable.

"Well, gentlemen, if you have business here I will leave you. My 'middle-aged spendthrifts' (so they are described to me) have failed to put in an appearance, and I

can't afford to waste my morning. I'm a busy man now; so good-day," and Charlie Beaton caught up his hat and made for the door.

"Stop! Mr. Beaton," cried both his former preceptors in agonized entreaty, "don't go; we are here."

"So I perceive."

"We've come to see you. We are the — the —"

"Not the 'middle-aged spendthrifts'? Can it be? 'Heu pietas! heu prisca fides!' and all the rest of it. I've not quite forgotten my Latin, you see. Well! let's get to business. I have a rehearsal at twelve o'clock. What can I do for you?"

"The college, Mr. Beaton, requires, most urgently requires an advance —"

"Ah! Mr. Peterson gave me a memorandum — '£2,020 by the 24th inst.' What can the poor old college have been spending such sums on? Not bump-suppers and fireworks? But the security, gentlemen, that is the main question. Ah! here is Mr. Peterson, and Lord Newmarket with him. Good, now we can go into the matter thoroughly; you know Newmarket? I thought so; 'Doth not a meeting like this make amends!' Lord Newmarket acts with me in this matter. You can speak freely before him. Now, Mr. Wagstaffe, my time is precious; your security?"

"The college farms."

"Mortgaged already for more than they are worth, to my knowledge."

"The building estate at Roehampton."

"Jerry-built villas, not a third of which are occupied; Mr. Peterson can correct me if I am misinformed."

Mr. Peterson's gesture in response was as full of meaning as Lord Burleigh's nod, but it conveyed no comfort to the despairing bursar.

"The — the — I never like to speak of it — it is so unacademic — but the public-house property."

"Heavily mortgaged, and, moreover, hopelessly mismanaged, not bringing in a tithe of its value; again I speak subject to correction." But no correction came.

"What else?" queried the relentless Charlie.

"Beyond that, we have nothing except the college buildings and their contents, the pictures, the plate, and — and the cellars, now, alas! sadly impoverished."

"And with those," added Mr. Peterson, "I dare not advise the college authorities to deal. I fear such a course would be *ultra vires*!"

"Quite so, Mr. Peterson. Lord New-

market and I desire to do nothing without your approval. It strikes me that to advance £2,000 and upwards on such security would be very like making you gentlemen a present of it. Still, out of regard for our old college, which we consider to have been brought to its present unfortunate condition solely by the mismanagement of yourselves, we are willing to advance to it the required sum, upon certain conditions."

"And they are?"

"That you make over to us the sole management of your public-house property, which can, I think, be in time converted into a source of revenue by the refreshment contractor of my theatre, who is a man I can trust not to tamper with his own samples as Mr. Lushington did — you needn't blush, Newmarket, it's the truth I'm telling, and my bars bring in double what they did before you undertook the catering — and, moreover, that you two gentlemen sign an undertaking to accept any ecclesiastical preferment of the value of £500 a year or upwards, which may be offered you within the next three months, and thereupon to vacate your present appointments. Mr. Peterson approves these conditions, and has prepared the requisite documents. Your decision, of course, cannot be delayed; you can let me know it between now and the 24th; in the mean time the money is ready for you as soon as you make a favorable reply to our proposals. Good-morning. I never keep my rehearsals waiting. Newmarket, can you come with me; those liveries you have made me for the new play are all wrong; come and see to them yourself — there's not one of your men who can touch you at fitting a coat."

[From a society paper some three weeks later.]

"When academic Oxford reassembles after the present long vacation it will miss two of its most prominent and honored members. The Rev. Peter Champneys, D.D., provost of St. Blaize College, vacates that post, having accepted the valuable city living of St. Simon Stylites, in the gift of the Earl of Newmarket. The same nobleman has also recommended the Rev. Lewis Wagstaffe, M.A., bursar of the same college, for the chaplaincy of the Button Makers' Company, of which his lordship is the master, and we understand that at a court of the Company held yesterday, Mr. Wagstaffe was unanimously elected to the post. The Earl of Newmarket was himself, some ten years ago,

one of the most respected undergraduate members of St. Blaize College, and has by these appointments borne gratifying testimony to the *entente cordiale* existing between himself and his old tutors."

[From the same paper—some three months later still.]

"The Rev. Reginald Strongi'th'arm, M.A., rector of Turfington, and domestic chaplain to the Earl of Newmarket, has been elected provost of St. Blaize College, Oxford, in succession to the Rev. Peter Champneys, D.D. Mr. Strongi'th'arm, who was an undergraduate, and subsequently a fellow of St. Blaize College in its palmier days, some ten or fifteen years since, was distinguished not only as a scholar (first class moderations, first class literæ humaniores, and Ireland scholarship), but also as an excellent oarsman and cricketer, and it may confidently be hoped that under his guidance the college may speedily regain that supremacy, both in 'the schools' and in athletic pursuits, to which of late it has been so utterly and unaccountably a stranger."

From Longman's Magazine.

THE SPANISH STORY OF THE ARMADA.

II.

Two months of summer were still left when the Armada made its second start out of Corunna on Friday, July 22, with fresh heart and better provision. On the twenty-third the last vessel in the fleet had passed Cape Ortegal, and the wind, as if to make amends for past persecution, blew fair and moderate from the south. Saturday, Sunday, and Monday the galleons swept easily along across the Bay of Biscay, and on the Monday night, the twenty-fifth, the duke found himself with all his flock about him at the mouth of the English Channel. Tuesday broke calm and cloudy, with a draft of northerly air. Heavy showers fell. One of the galleys had sprung a leak, and was obliged to go home. On Wednesday the wind had backed to the west, and rose into a gale, blowing hard with a high sea. The waves broke into the stern galleries of the galleons, and the fleet was hove to. On Friday the storm was over, but there was still a long, heavy roll. The ships were unmanageable, and from the maintop of the San Martin forty sail were again not to be seen. The galleys, finding that in such water they were like to be swamped,

had made away for the coast of France; the Santa Aña, the Capitana of the Biscay squadron, had disappeared completely, and was supposed to have been sunk. She had in fact lost her reckoning, and at last found her way into Havre. The rest of the missing ships proved only to be a few miles ahead. After a slight flutter, the Armada, shorn of its galleys and the Santa Aña, was again complete, and with the sky clearing from south-west, went on upon its way. As yet they had seen nothing—not a sail or a boat; but being on the enemy's coast they put themselves into fighting order. They were in three divisions. The duke was in the centre with the main battle. Alonzo de Leyva led the advance as the post of honor. The rear was under Martinez de Recalde, the formation being like an oblique crescent, or like the moon when it lies on its back, De Leyva and Recalde being at the two horns.

In this order they sailed slowly on through the day, still with nothing in sight, but knowing by observation and soundings that they were coming up to land. The sun on Friday, at noon, gave them fifty degrees, and the lead fifty-six fathoms. At four in the afternoon the grey ridge of the Lizard rose above the sea three leagues off. They were now in sight of the den of the dragon which they were to come to slay, and Medina Sidonia ran up to his masthead a special flag of his own, which had been embroidered for the occasion—Christ on the Cross, and Our Lady and the Magdalen on either side of him. As the folds unrolled in the breeze, each ship in the fleet fired a broadside, and the ships' companies gathered and knelt on the deck to give thanks to the Almighty.

That evening the duke despatched the last letter to the king, which for a month he had leisure to write. So far, he said, the enemy had not shown himself, but he was going forward in the dark; no word had come from Parma; before him was only the silent sea, and the long line of the Cornish coast, marked at intervals by columns of smoke which he knew to be alarm beacons. The sea that was so silent would soon be noisy enough. With a presentiment of danger, the duke told the king that he must so far disregard his orders, that until Parma had communicated with him he proposed to halt at the Isle of Wight and to go no further. Sail was taken in that night. On the Saturday morning a despatch boat was sent away with the letter to the king, and the fleet

crept on slowly and cautiously. They had hoped to fall in with a fishing-smack, but none were to be discovered; nor was it till Saturday night, or rather at one o'clock on the Sunday morning, that they were able to gather any information at all. At that hour, and not before, a pinnace that had gone out for information came back with four Falmouth fishermen who had been fallen in with at sea. From them the duke and the admirals learnt that Drake and Howard had come out on the Saturday morning from Plymouth harbor, and were lying in the Sound, or outside it, waiting for them. The burning beacons had brought notice on the Friday evening that the Armada was in sight, and the English had instantly got under way. The Spanish records and diaries say distinctly that from these fishermen they had gathered their first and only knowledge of the English movements. The charge afterwards brought against the duke, therefore, that he had learnt that Plymouth was undefended, that Oquendo and Recalde urged him to go in and take it, and that he refused and lost the opportunity, is proved to be without foundation. Very likely a council of admirals did advise that Plymouth should be attacked if they found Howard and Drake still in the Sound, for in the narrow space the ships would be close together, and the superior numbers of the Spaniards and their superior strength in small arms and musketry would be able to assert themselves. Medina Sidonia may have agreed, for all that any one can say to the contrary, but the opportunity was never allowed him. The English fleet was already outside, and the duke could not enter till he had fought an action.

An hour after midnight, on Saturday, the Falmouth boatmen gave their information. Four hours later, directly off Ram-head, the two fleets were engaged. The air through the night had been light from the west. The water was smooth. At five o'clock on the Sunday morning, July 31, eleven large vessels were seen from the deck of the San Martin three miles to leeward, just off the Mewstone, manoeuvring to recover the wind, which was beginning to freshen. Forty others were counted between the Armada and the land to the west of the Sound. The squadron first seen consisted of the queen's ships under Lord Howard; the others were Drake and the privateers. The breeze rose rapidly. The duke flew the consecrated standard, and signalled to the whole fleet to brace round their yards and hold

the wind between the two English divisions. Howard, however, with apparent ease, went on to windward and joined Drake; both of them then stood out to sea behind the whole Armada, firing heavily into Recalde and the rearward Spanish squadron as they passed. Recalde tried hard to close, but Sir John Hawkins had introduced new lines into the construction of the English ships. The high castles at poop and stem had been reduced, the length increased, the beam diminished. They could sail perhaps within five points of the wind. They showed powers, at any rate, entirely new to Recalde, for they seemed to be able to keep at any distance which they pleased from him. They did not try to break his line or capture detached vessels. With their heavy guns, which he found to his cost to be of weightier metal, and to carry farther than his own, they poured their broadsides into him at their leisure, and he could make no tolerable reply. Alonzo de Leyva and Oquendo, seeing that Recalde was suffering severely, went to his assistance, but only to experience themselves the effects of this novel method of naval combat and naval construction. To fight at a distance was contrary to Spanish custom, and was not held worthy of honorable men. But it was effective; it was perplexing, it was deadly. The engagement lasted on these conditions through the whole Sunday forenoon. The officers of the Armada did all that gallant men could achieve. They refused to recognize where the English superiority lay till it was forced upon them by torn rigging and shattered hulls. Recalde's own ship fired a hundred and twenty shot, and it was thought a great thing. But the English had fired five to the Spanish one, and the effect was the greater because, as in Rodney's action at Dominica, the galleons were crowded with troops, among whom shot and splinter had worked havoc. The Castilians and Biscayans were brave enough; there were no braver men in the world; but they were in a position where courage was of no use to them. They were perplexed and disturbed; and an officer present who describes the scene observes that "*este dia mostraronse de nuestra Armada algunos oficiales medrosos*"—this day some of the authorities of our fleet showed cowardice. The allusion was perhaps to the duke, who had looked on and done nothing.

No prizes were taken. Drake and Howard understood their business too well to waste life upon single captures. Their

purpose was to harass, shatter, and weaken the entire Armada, as opportunity might offer, with the least damage to themselves, till shot and weather, and the casualties likely to occur under such conditions, had reduced the fleets to something nearer to an equality. Tactics so novel perplexed the Spaniards. They had looked for difficulties, but they had counted with certainty on success if they could force the English into a general engagement. No wonder that they were unpleasantly startled at the result of the first experiment.

The action, if such it could be called when the Armada had been but a helpless target to the English guns, lasted till four in the afternoon. The south-west wind was blowing up, and the sea was rising. The two fleets had by that time driven past the opening into the Sound. The duke could not have gone in if he had tried, nor could De Leyva himself, under such circumstances, have advised him to try; so, finding that he could do nothing, and was only throwing away life, he signalled from the San Martin to bear away up Channel. The misfortunes of the day, however, were not yet over. The Spanish squadrons endeavored to resume their proper positions, De Leyva leading and Recalde covering the rear. The English followed leisurely two miles behind, and Recalde's vessel had suffered so much in the engagement that she was observed to be dropping back, and to be in danger of being left alone and overtaken. Pedro de Valdez, in the Capitana of the Andalusian squadron, one of the finest ships in the fleet, observing his old comrade in difficulties, bore up to help him. After such a day, the men, perhaps, were all of them disturbed, and likely to make mistakes in difficult manœuvres. In turning, the Capitana came into collision with the Santa Catalina and broke her bowsprit; the fore-topmast followed, and the ship became an unmanageable wreck. She had five hundred men on board, besides a considerable part of the money which had been sent for the use of the fleet. To desert such a vessel, and desert along with it one of the principal officers of the expedition, on the first disaster, would be an act of cowardice and dishonor not to be looked for in a Spanish nobleman. But night was coming on. To bear up was to risk a renewal of the fighting, for which the duke had no stomach. He bore Don Pedro a grudge for having opposed him at Corunna, when he had desired to give up the expedition; Diego Florez, his ad-

viser, had also his dislike for Don Pedro, and, to the astonishment of every one, the signal was made that the fleet was not to stop, and that Don Pedro was to be left to his fate. De Leyva and Oquendo, unable to believe the order to be serious, hastened on board the San Martin to protest. The duke hesitated; Diego Florez, however, said that to wait would be to risk the loss of the whole fleet, and by Diego Florez Philip had directed the duke to be guided. Boats were sent back to bring off the treasure and the crew, but in the rising sea boats could do nothing. Don Pedro was deserted, overtaken, and of course captured, after a gallant resistance. The ship was carried into Dartmouth, and proved a valuable prize. Besides the money, there was found a precious store of powder, which the English sorely needed. Among other articles was a chest of swords, richly mounted, which the duke was taking over to be presented to the English Catholic peers. Don Pedro himself was treated with the high courtesy which he deserved, to be ransomed at the end of a year, and was spared the ignominy of further service under his extraordinary commander-in-chief.

The loss of Don Pedro was not the last, and not the worst, calamity of the night. Soon after dark the air was shaken and the sky was lighted by an explosion in the centre of the Spanish fleet. Oquendo's ship, Our Lady of the Rose, was blown up, and two hundred men, dead and wounded, were hurled into the sea. The wreck that was left was seen to be in a blaze, in which the rest on board were like to perish. Oquendo himself was absent. Some said it was an accident, others that it had been done by an Englishman in disguise, others that there had been some quarrel, and that one of the parties in a rage had flung a match into the magazine and sprung overboard. This time the Armada was rounded to; the burning ship was covered by the main body. The money on board, for each galleon had its own treasury, was taken out with the survivors of the crew, the hull was then abandoned to the English. A few casks of stores were still found in her hold which had escaped destruction. Shortly afterwards she sank.

From the day on which it sailed the fleet had been pursued by misfortune. Two such disasters following on the unexpected and startling features of the first engagement struck a chill through the whole force. The officers had lost confidence in a commander-in-chief whom they had ill liked from the first. The na-

tional honor was supposed to be touched by the desertion of Pedro de Valdez, who was universally loved and respected. The duke was suspected to be no better than a poltroon. The next morning, August 1, broke heavily. The wind was gone, and the galleons were rolling in the swell. The enemy was hull down behind them, and the day was spent in repairing damages, knotting broken ropes, and nailing sheets of lead over the shot holes. Recalde's ship had suffered so much that the disposition of the squadrons was altered. De Leyva took charge of the rear in the Rata Coronada, where the danger was greatest. Don Martinez was passed forward into the advance, where he could attend to his hurts out of harm's way. The duke in sour humor found fault all round, as incompetent commanders are apt to do. Orders were issued that each ship should keep a position definitely laid down; and any captain found out of his place was to be immediately hanged. Men will endure much from leaders whom they trust. Severity at such a moment was resented as ill-timed and undeserved. The day passed without incident. With the sunset the sea fell smooth, and not an air was stirring. The English fleet had come up, but was still a league behind. Both fleets were then off Portland. An hour after midnight De Leyva, Oquendo, and Recalde, burning with shame and indignation, came on board the San Martin, woke the duke out of his sleep, and told him that now was the time for him to repair his credit. By the light of the rising moon the English ships could be seen drifted apart with the tide, and deprived in the breathless calm of their superior advantages. The galeasses, with their oars, should be sent out instantly to attack single vessels. The dawn it was likely would bring a breeze from the east, when the galleons could gather way and support them. The duke roused himself. Oquendo himself carried the orders to the captain of the galeasses, Don Hugo de Moncada. The galeasses prepared for action. The easterly air came up as was expected, and with the first clear light Howard was seen dead to leeward standing in for the land, and endeavoring, as he had done at Plymouth, to recover the weather-gage. The galeasses proved of small service, after all, for the wind was soon too fresh; and they were useless. They could do nothing except in a calm. But the San Martin and her leading consorts bore down with all sail set. Howard being near the shore, had to tack and

stand off to sea. He had thus to pass out through the centre of the whole Spanish fleet. The ships became intermixed, the Ark Raleigh was surrounded with enemies, and every Spanish captain's heart was bounding with the hope of boarding her. If they could once grapple they were justly confident in the numbers and courage of their men. So near the chances were at one moment, that Martin de Bretondon, the Levantine admiral, might have closed with one of the largest of the English ships "if he could have been contented with less than the admiral." But the wind freshened up with the day, and Don Martin and his friends saw vessels handled in a style which they had never seen before. It has been often confidently urged, as a reason for reducing the naval estimates, that Howard's fleet was manned by volunteers, and not by professional seamen. It is true that the English crews were not composed of men who were in the permanent service of the crown, but never in the history of the country were a body of sailors gathered together more experienced in sailing ships and fighting them. They were the rovers of the ocean. To navigate the wildest seas, to fight Spaniards wherever they could meet them, had for thirty years been their occupation and their glory. Tacking, wearing, backing their canvas where there was no room to turn, they baffled every attack by the swiftness of their movements, and cleared their way out of the throng. Once more they drew away to windward, took at their leisure such positions as suited them, and, themselves beyond the reach of the feeble Spanish artillery, fired into the galleons with their long, heavy guns till five o'clock in the afternoon. This day the duke personally behaved well. The San Martin was in the thickest of the fight, and received fifty shots in her hull. The famous standard was cut in two. The leaks were so many and so formidable that the divers were again at work all night plugging and stopping the holes. But the result was to show him, and to show them all, that the English ships were superior to theirs in speed and power and weight of artillery, and that to board them against their will was entirely hopeless. Another observation some of them made which was characteristic of the age. The galleons which had no gentlemen on board had been observed to hold off and keep out of range. In the evening the wind fell. With the last of it, Howard and Drake bore away and left them, as, with the calm, the galeasses might again be dangerous. Wednesday

was breathless. The English wanted powder besides, having used what they had freely; and they were forced to wait for fresh supplies, which came up in the course of the afternoon. The duke, as has been seen, was superstitious. So far the nuns' and the hermits' visions had not been realized, but, perhaps, his past ill-success had been sent only as a trial of his faith.

The 4th of August, Thursday, was St. Dominic's day. The house of Guzman de Silva claimed St. Dominic as a member of their family; and St. Dominic, the duke was assured, would now lend a hand to his suffering kinsman. The Isle of Wight, where he had announced to Philip that he intended to stop, was now under his lee. Once anchored in St. Helen's Road he would have the Armada in a safe shelter, where, if the English chose to attack him, they must come to closer quarters, as there would not be sea room for the manœuvres which had been so disastrous to him; * he could land ten thousand men and take the island; and, perplexed, agitated, and harassed by the unexpected course which events had taken with him, he probably still intended to act on this resolution, which was the wisest which he could have formed. He would probably have another action to fight before he could get in, but with St. Dominic's help he might this time have better fortune.

Howard and Drake seemed willing to give St. Dominic an opportunity of showing what he could do. They had received their powder. They had been reinforced by a few privateers who had come out from the Needles, and they showed a disposition to engage at a nearer distance than they had hitherto ventured. They were so far at a disadvantage that the wind was light, but, using what there was of it, the Ark Raleigh led straight down on the San Martin, ranged alongside, and opened a furious fire from her lower ports, and, as it appeared to the Spaniards, with heavier guns than she had used in the previous actions. Again the San Martin was badly cut up. Many of her men were

killed and more were wounded. Seeing her hard pressed, Recalde and Oquendo came to the duke's support. Oquendo drove his own ship between the Ark and the San Martin, receiving the broadside intended for her, and apparently causing some confusion on board the Ark by a shot of his own. At this moment the wind dropped altogether. Some eddy of tide carried off the other English ships, leaving Howard surrounded once more by the enemy and in worse difficulties than in the fight off Portland. Three large galleons were close on board of him with Oquendo, the boldest officer of the Armada, in one of them. Eleven boats, to the amazement of the Spaniards, dropped over the Ark's side. Hundreds of men sprang into them, seized their oars, and took the Ark in tow, careless of the storm of musketry which was rattling upon them. She was already moving when the breeze rose again. Her sails filled and she flew away, dragging her own boats, and leaving behind the swiftest of the pursuing galleons as if they were at anchor.*

Again the experience was the same. St. Dominic had been deaf or impotent, and a long day of fighting at disadvantage ended as usual. The ammunition of the Armada, which the duke knew from the first to be insufficient, was giving out under the unprecedented demands upon it. Had he been wise he would still have made a desperate attempt to force his way into St. Helen's. His strength was not very much reduced. Though the loss of life had been considerable, Pedro de Valdez's ship was the only one which had been taken. To prevent him from entering the Solent the English must have closed with him, which they still hesitated to do, as they could not now tell how much hurt they had inflicted. The duke had still this single chance of recovering his credit. He might have gone in. Had he done it, he might have taken the island, have even taken Portsmouth or Southampton; at all events, he would have placed the Armada in a position out of which it would have been extremely difficult to dislodge it. But the unfortunate man had lost his head. He hated his work. He determined to look neither right nor left, but stick to Philip's own instructions, go on to the Straits of Dover as he had been told to do, send Parma notice of his ar-

* The duke's intention of stopping at the Isle of Wight was expressed by him as clearly as possible. Writing on July 30 to the king, he said he must advance "poco a poco con toda el Armada junta en mis escuadrones hasta isla D'Wich y no pasar adelante hasta tener aviso del Duque de Parma. Porque si yo saliese de allí con esta, la costa de Flandes no habiendo en toda ella puerto ni abrigo ninguno para estas naves, con el primer temporal que les diese los echaria á los bancos, donde sin ningún remedio se habrían de perder; y por excusar este peligro tan evidente, me ha parecido no pasar adelante de aquella isla hasta saber lo que el Duque hace," etc. (Duro, vol. ii., p. 221.)

* Se fué saliendo con tanta velocidad que le galeon San Juan de Fernando y otro ligerísimo, con ser los mas veleros de la Armada, que le fuéron dando caza, en comparacion se quedaron surtos.

rival, and leave the rest to fate. He despatched a messenger to tell the prince to expect him and to have his army embarked ready to cross on the instant of his arrival. He asked for a supply of flyboats, gunboats worked with oars, which Parma could not send him, and for ammunition of which the prince had none to dispose, expecting rather to be himself furnished from the fleet. Then, taking the worst resolution possible, and going forward to inevitable ruin, he signalled to his flock to follow him and pursued his way up Channel, followed by the English as before.

The Isle of Wight once passed, the worst danger to England was over. Lord Henry Seymour's squadron was in the Downs. Howard and Drake would soon join hands with him, and they could then concert what was next to be done.

The Armada drifted on before a light west wind through Thursday night, all Friday, and till Saturday afternoon. They were then at Calais and dropped anchor in the roads. Like a shadow which they could not shake off, the English clung to them behind. As they anchored, the English anchored also, a mile and a half astern, as if the infernal devils, *esta endemoniada gente*, had known what the duke was going to do. Philip's advice had been to avoid the French coast, to keep the other side, and to bring up behind the North Foreland. The duke, like Sancho, in the night adventure with the fulling hammers, was flying for safety under the skirts of Parma's coat, and thought that the nearer he could be to him the better it would be. He had thus brought his charge to the most dangerous roadstead in the Channel, with an enemy close to him who had less cause to fear the weather than he, and almost within gunshot of the French shore, when he did not know whether France was friend or foe. For the moment he thought himself secure. The wind was off the land. He looked to see the Prince of Parma and his boats coming out of Dunkirk at latest on the Monday morning. The French governor came off to call before dark, expressed his surprise to see him in a position where a shift of weather might be inconvenient, but offered him meanwhile the hospitalities of the port. On the Sunday morning, August 7, the purveyor of the fleet went on shore to buy vegetables. The men were employed cleaning up the guns and setting the ships in order after the confusion of the past week, and so much work had to be done that the daily rations were

not served out and the Sunday holy day was a harassed fast. As the day wore on messengers came in from Parma. His transports were lying in Dunkirk, but nothing was ready, and the troops could not be embarked for a fortnight. He was himself at Bruges, but promised to hurry down to the port and to use all possible expedition. This was not consoling intelligence. In the uncertain weather the Calais roadstead was no place to linger in; and the duke's anxieties were not diminished when the English squadron of the Downs under Seymour and Sir John Hawkins sailed in and anchored with their consorts. Hawkins — Achines they called him — was an object of peculiar terror to the Spaniards from his exploits in the West Indies. Next to Drake, or the Dragon, he was more feared than any other English seaman. The galleons were riding with two anchors on account of the tide. An English pinnace, carrying a light gun, ran down in the afternoon, sailed up to the San Martin, lodged a couple of shots in her hull, and went off again. Hugo de Monçada sent a ball after her from the Capitana galeass which cut a hole in her topsail, but she flew lightly away. The Spanish officers could not refuse their admiration for such airy impertinence.

If the duke was uneasy the English commanders did not mean to give him time to recover himself. Calais Roads might be an awkward anchorage, but the weather might settle. August weather in the Channel often did settle. There had been a week of fighting and the Armada had got the worst of it, but still there it was, to outward appearance, not much damaged and within touch of the Prince of Parma. The backward state of Parma's preparations was unknown and unsuspected by the English commanders. Any morning he might be looked for, issuing out of Dunkirk with his fleet of gunboats, his army on board his barges, and making his way across the straits with the Armada to protect him. That Sunday evening Howard, Drake, Hawkins, Seymour, and Martin Frobisher held a consultation in the Ark's main cabin. The course which they intended to follow had probably been resolved on generally when Howard anchored so near the enemy on the previous evening, and the meeting must have been only to arrange the method and moment of action. After nightfall, the flood tide would be running strong along the coast, and an intermittent but rising wind was coming up from the west. The duke, as

he restlessly paced his deck, observed lights moving soon after dark among the English vessels. He expected mischief of some kind and had ordered a strict lookout. About midnight eight large hulks were seen coming slowly down with tide and wind. Spars, ropes, and sails had been steeped in pitch, and as they approached nearer they burst out into flame and smoke. Straight on they came, for they had crews on board to direct the course, who only retreated to their boats when it was impossible to remain longer. The Spaniards, already agitated by the strange tricks of their English foes, imagined that the fire-ships were floating mines like those which had blown to pieces so many thousands of men at the bridge at Antwerp. The duke, instead of sending launches to tow them clear, fired a signal for the whole fleet to get instantly under way. In the hurry and alarm, and with two anchors down, they had no time to weigh. They cut their cables, leaving buoys by which to recover them at daylight, and stood out into the Channel, congratulating themselves for the moment at having skilfully and successfully avoided a threatening danger. Medina Sidonia's intention had been to bring up again outside. He himself let go an anchor two miles off, and the best-appointed galleons followed his example. The main body, unfortunately, had been sent to sea so ill-provided that their third anchors, where they had any, were stowed away below and could not be brought up in time. Thus, when day dawned, the duke found himself with less than half his force about him. The rest had drifted away on the tide and were six miles to leeward. The purpose of his enemy's *traicion*, treason, as the Spaniards regarded it, was now apparent. The San Martin, and the vessels which remained with her, hoisted anchor and signalled to return to the roadstead. Seventy of the duke's ships were far away, unable to obey if they had tried. The wind had drawn into the north-west; they were driving seemingly on the fatal banks, and when the duke proposed to go after them the pilots told him that if he did they would probably be all lost together.

The spectacle on the shore was yet more dispiriting. The Capitana galeass, in clearing out from the fire-ships, had fouled the cable of another vessel. Moncada, who commanded her, knew as little of seamanship as his commander-in-chief. Her helm was jammed. An English crew with two hundred men at the oars, would

have found a way to manage her, but with galley slaves nothing could be done. She had drifted ashore under the town, and as the tide had gone back, was lying on her side on the sands, defending herself desperately against the crews of six English ships, one of them Howard's Ark, who were attacking her in their boats. Moncada fought like a hero till he was killed by a musket shot, the slaves jumped overboard, the surviving sailors and soldiers followed their example, and the galeass was taken and plundered.

To the duke such a sight was sad enough; but he had little time to attend to it. While Howard was losing time over the galeass, Drake and Hawkins had stooped on a nobler quarry. The great fleet was parted; forty ships alone were present to defend the consecrated banner of Castile which was flying from the mainmast of the San Martin. Forty only, and no more, were engaged in the battle which stripped Spain of her supremacy at sea. But in those forty were Oquendo, De Leyva, Recalde, Bretendona, all that was best and bravest in the Spanish service. The first burst of the storm fell on the San Martin herself. Drake, determined to make the most of his opportunity, no longer held off at a long range, but closed up, yardarm to yardarm; not to make prizes of the galleons, but to destroy, sink, or disable them. The force which the English brought into the action was no longer unequal to that of the enemy. The air was soon so full of smoke that little could be seen from one ship of what was passing in another part of the action. Each captain fought his own vessel as he could, Medina giving no orders. He who, till the past few days, had never heard a shot fired in anger, found himself in the centre of the most furious engagement that history had a record of. He was accused afterwards of having shown cowardice. It was said that his cabin was stuffed with woolpacks, and that he lay himself during the fight in the middle of them. It was said, also, that he charged his pilot to take his ship where the danger was least. If he did, his pilot disobeyed his orders, for the San Martin was in the hottest part of the battle. It could not be otherwise. The flag which she carried to the end of it necessarily drew the heaviest fire upon her. The accounts of eye-witnesses charge the duke only with the helpless incapacity which he had himself been the first to acknowledge. Though the San Martin's timbers were of double thickness, the shot at close range went through

and through her "enough to shatter to pieces a rock." Her deck became a slaughter-house. Half her crew were killed or wounded, and she would have been sunk altogether had not Oquendo and De Leyva dashed in and forced the English to turn their guns upon them, and enabled the unhappy duke to crawl away and stop his leaks again. This was about noon; and from that time he himself saw no more till the engagement was over. Even from his maintop nothing could be made out for the smoke; but the air was shaking with the roar of the artillery. The Spanish officers behaved with the desperate heroism which became the countrymen of Cortez and Santa Cruz, and never did Spanish soldier or seaman distinguish himself more than on this tremendous day. There was no flinching, though the blood was seen streaming out of the scuppers. Priests went up and down under the hottest fire, crucifix in hand, confessing and absolving the dying. Not a ship struck her colors. They stood to their guns till their powder was all gone, and in half the ships not a round was left.

Happily for them, the English were no better furnished; their ammunition was all exhausted also, and the combat ended from mere incapacity to continue it. But the engagement from the first preserved the same character which had been seen in those which had preceded it. The Spaniards' courage was useless to them. Their ships could not turn or sail; their guns were crushed by the superior strength of the English artillery; they were out-matched in practical skill, and, close as the ships were to one another, they could not once succeed in fixing a grappling-iron in an English rigging. Thus, while their own losses were terrible, they could inflict but little in return. They had endured for five hours to be torn to pieces by cannon-shot—and that was all.

Before sunset the firing had ceased; the wind rose, the smoky canopy drifted away, and the San Martin and her comrades were seen floating, torn and tattered, *casi sin poder hacer mas resistencia*, almost powerless to resist longer. If the attack had continued for the two hours of daylight that remained, they must all have sunk or surrendered. A galleon in Recalde's squadron had gone down with all hands on board. The San Philip and the San Matteo were falling away dismayed and helpless towards the Dutch coast, where they afterwards went ashore. The condition of the rest was little better. The

slaughter had been appalling from the crowd of soldiers who were on board. It had pleased God, for they could give no other explanation, that the enemy ceased to fire, drew off, and left them, to bring their vessels to the wind, throw their dead overboard, and see to the hurts of the wounded, who were counted by thousands. They were so crippled that they could not bear their canvas, and unless they could repair their damages swiftly, the north-west wind which was rapidly rising would drive them on the banks above Dunkirk. From the day on which they left Lisbon an inexorable fatality had pursued them. They had started in an inflated belief that they were under the especial care of the Almighty; one misfortune had trod on another's heel; the central misfortune of all, that they had been commanded by a fool, had begun to dawn on the whole of them; but the conviction came too late to be of use, and only destroyed what was left of discipline. The soldiers, finding that they outnumbered the seamen, snatched the control, chose their own course, and forced the pilots to steer as they pleased. The night passed miserably in examining into injuries, patching up what admitted of being mended, and discovering other hurts which could not be mended. The fresh water which they had brought from Corunna had been stowed on deck. The casks had been shot through in the action, and most of it was gone. The Ave Maria, if it was sung that evening, must have been a dirge, and the Buenos Dias of the ship boys in the morning a melancholy mockery. Yet seventy vessels out of the great fleet were still entire. They had not come up to join the fight, because they could not. Their hulls were sound, their spars were standing, their crews untouched by any injury worse than despondency. The situation was not really desperate, and a capable chief with such a force at his disposition might have done something still to retrieve his country's credit, if only these ships could be made use of. Yet when day broke it seemed that a common fate would soon overtake those who had fought and those who so far had escaped.

They came together in the night. The day found them dragging heavily into the North Sea. The north-west wind was blowing hard, and setting them bodily on the banks. The bad sailors could not go to windward at all. Those which had been in the fight could not bear sail enough to hold a course which, when sound, they might have found barely pos-

sible. The crews were worn out. On the Sunday they had been dinnerless and supperless. All Monday they had been fighting, and all Monday night plugging shot-holes and fishing spars. The English fleet hung dark and threatening a mile distant on the weather quarter. The water was shoaling every moment. They could see the yellow foam when the waves were breaking on the banks. To wear round would be to encounter another battle, for which they had neither heart nor strength, while the English appeared to be contented to let the elements finish the work for them. The English vessels drew more water, and would have grounded while the galleons were still afloat. It was enough for them if they could prevent the Armada from turning round and could force it to continue upon a course of which an hour or two would probably see the end. The San Martin and Oquendo's ship, the San Juan, were furthest out. The sounding-line on the San Martin gave at last but six fathoms; the vessels to leeward had only five. Some one, perhaps Diego Florez, advised the duke to strike his flag and surrender. Report said that a boat was actually lowered to go off to Howard and make terms, and that Oquendo had prevented it from pushing off by saying savagely that he would fling Diego Florez overboard. The duke's friends, however, denied the charge, and insisted that he never lost his faith in God and God's glorious mother. Certain it is, that with death staring them in the face and themselves helpless, men and officers betook themselves to prayer as the only refuge left, and apparently the prayer was answered. A person who was on the San Martin described the scene. Every one was in despair, he said, and only looking for destruction. Had the enemy known the condition in which they were, and borne down and attacked them, they must all have given in, for they were without power to defend themselves. At the last extremity, somewhere about noon, "God was pleased to work a miracle." The wind shifted, backing to the south-west, and ceased to jam them down upon the sands. With eased sheets they were able to point their heads northwards and draw out into the deep water. The enemy followed, still keeping at the same distance, but showed no further disposition to meddle with them; and the Armada breathed again, and huddled together like a flock of frightened sheep. A miracle they thought it. Being pious Catholics and living upon faith in the supernatural they

recovered heart, and began to think that God's anger was spent, and that he would now be propitious. He had been with them when they thought they were deserted. He had brought the survivors of them "through the most terrible cannonade ever seen in the history of the world" (la mas fuerte bateria y major que los nacidos han visto ni los escriptores han escrito). He had perhaps been disciplining them to do his work after all. Death at any rate was no longer before their eyes.

Alas! if the change of wind was really an act of Providence in answer to prayer, Providence was playing with their credulity, and reserving them deliberately for an end still more miserable. This Tuesday, August 9, was the day of Philip's patron saint, St. Lawrence, whose arm he had lately added to his sacred treasures in the Escorial. In the afternoon a council of war was again held on board the flag-ship, consisting of the duke, Alonzo de Leyva, Recalde, Don Francisco de Bobadilla, and Diego Florez. They had little pleasant to say to each other. Oquendo was at first absent, but came in while they were still deliberating. "O Señor Oquendo," they cried, "que haremos." "What shall we do?" "Do!" he replied, "turn round and fight again." It was the answer of a gallant man who would rather die than be disgraced. But the duke had to consider how to save what was left of his charge, and the alternative had to be considered. They were before the wind, running right up the North Sea. The duke explained that every cartridge had been spent in the vessels which had been engaged, and that, although some were left in the rest of the fleet, the supply was miserably short. Their ships were leaking. Half the sailors and half the artillerymen were killed or wounded. The Prince of Parma was not ready, and they had found by experience that they were no match for the English in fighting. The coast of Spain was at present unprotected, and unless they could carry the fleet home in safety would be in serious danger. The duke's own opinion was that they ought to make haste back, and by the sea route round the north of Scotland and Ireland. To return through the Straits implied more battles, and in their battered state it was doubtful whether they could work their way as the wind stood, even if the enemy left them alone.

Flight, for it was nothing else, after such high expectations and loud prayers and boastings, flight after but a week's

conflict, seemed to the old companions of Santa Cruz an intolerable shame. De Leyva was doubtful. He admitted, as the duke said, that the English were too strong for them. They had done their best and it had not availed. His own ship would hardly float, and he had not thirty cartridges left. Recalde and Bobadilla supported Oquendo, and insisted that, at whatever risk, they must endeavor to recover Calais Roads. They were old sailors, who had weathered many a storm, and fought in many a battle. The chances of war had been against them so far, but would not be against them always. If the English fleet could go down Channel, it was not to be supposed that a Spanish fleet could not, and if they were to return home the Channel was the nearest road. If the worst came, an honorable death was better than a disgraceful fight.

Spanish history has accused Medina Sidonia of having been the cause that the bolder course was rejected. Independent contemporary witnesses say that it was made impossible by the despondency of the men, who could not be induced to encounter the English again.

Though he determined against returning through the Channel, more than one alternative was still open to him. The harbors of Holland and Zealand were in the hands of Dutch rebels. But there was the Elbe, there was the Baltic, there was Norway. If the duke had been a man of daring and genius there was the Frith of Forth. Had he anchored off Leith and played his cards judiciously, there was still a possibility for him to achieve something remarkable. The duke, however, probably knew that his master had intended to exclude the king of Scots from the English succession, and may have doubted the reception which he might meet with. Or, and perhaps more probably, he was sick of a command which had brought him nothing but defeat and distraction, and was only eager to surrender his trust at the earliest possible moment.

Thus forlorn and miserable, the great Armada, which was to have made an end of the European Reformation, was set upon its course for the Orkneys, from thence to bear away to the west of Ireland, and so round to Spain. Drake and Howard, not conceiving that their object would be so lightly abandoned, and ignorant of the condition to which the enemy was reduced, followed them at a distance to see what they would do, and on the Wednesday had almost taken Recalde,

whose disabled ship was lagging behind. The duke, however, did not dare to desert a second admiral. He waited for Recalde to come up, and the English did not interfere. In fact they could not. Owing to Elizabeth's parsimony, their magazines were hardly better furnished than the Spanish. In pursuing the Armada they acknowledged that they were but "putting on a brag" to frighten the duke out of turning back. They could not have seriously attacked him again, at all events for many days, and the bravest course would after all have proved the safest for him. As it was, he saved Recalde, and went on thanking Providence for having induced the English to let him alone.

J. A. FROUDE.

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THE POETRY OF COMMON SENSE.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, in one of his vigorous essays, speaks mournfully of the time "when Pope and plain sense went out, and Shelley and the seventh heaven came in." The tone of complaint seems at the first blush somewhat unreasonable, for the coming in of the seventh heaven is surely a desirable event in a world where a heaven of lower rank is not always very easily discernible. Celestial qualities either in life or in literature must needs be valuable; but, like more commonplace valuables, they offer a strong temptation to counterfeiting experts, and it is better to have in one's pocket an honest bronze penny than a pinchbeck sovereign. It can hardly be doubted by anybody that a good deal of pinchbeck coin is at present in circulation. Pope's bronze of plain sense may be described in Kantian phraseology as the wisdom of the understanding, born of commonplace observation and reflection; the celestial auriferous-looking coinage, now in greater favor, is supposed to be the wisdom of that higher reason which comes of direct vision — vision that is free from the tiresome necessity of explaining and justifying its own processes. But, as the poet remarks, "things are not what they seem," — at least not always. Wilful and perverse whimsicality is occasionally presented to us as the precious harvest of "insight," and the false meaning or no meaning of this Brummagem insight is judiciously veiled by a style to which, because it is generally deficient in lucidity and not infrequently in grammar, we award

such praise as is conveyed by one or other of the fashionable terms of eulogy. It is a fact that the expression of the highest truth — the truth of reason — may sometimes look like nonsense when surveyed from the lower plane of the understanding; but the study of much contemporary literature, especially in the domains of poetry and criticism, tends to convince the student that in the creed of the modern young man of letters the fact is stated conversely, thus: "Whatever is apparently nonsense must be accepted as the highest truth."

Of course we are not left without writers who can think clearly and strongly, and who can clothe their thoughts in a well-fitting and graceful vesture of language which renders adequately its every outline; but it can hardly be said that the work of these writers represents the mass of our current literature in the same way that the work of such men as Pope and Johnson represented the current literature of their century. Pope and Johnson stood above the crowd in virtue of qualities which were incommunicable; but they and the crowd had a common standard of excellence, and if this standard were not the highest, it was at any rate better than no standard at all. Correctness in following models approved by a general agreement of cultivated opinion may not be the noblest literary virtue; but it is a virtue which betokens a state of intellectual civilization, because it is an acknowledgment of a central authority; whereas, on the other hand, the dethronement of what is understood to be correctness in favor of a so-called originality — the divine right to say anything anyhow — is not an advance but a distinct retrogression, a lapse from civilization into anarchy.

Kingsley, in making his point, had recourse to "apt alliteration's artful aid," a rhetorical expedient employed by other point-makers before and since his time; but in his epigrammatic utterance sound which strikes, and significance which satisfies, fit each other more closely and neatly than usual. Shelley is really the best representative of the poetry of a cloud-wrapped, invisible, seventh heaven, the poetry of "the desire of the moth for the star," of an attempt at the expression of the inexpressible, the attainment of the unattainable. Pope is not less truly a typical poet of plain sense, content with the imaginative sustenance and emotional stimulation of the familiar harvest of earth's cornfields and vineyards which yields wholesome flour to his flail and

wine to his press. Wherever one opens his pages one finds some final literary embodiment of what has been described as the wisdom of the understanding; but a very just appreciation of the kind and quality of his work as an imaginative exponent of this wisdom may be arrived at without straying beyond those two very characteristic poems, the "Essay on Man" and the "Essay on Criticism."

One feels specially with regard to the former poem what one so often feels with regard to some real or supposed masterpiece of literature, — how interesting it would be to read for the first time without having previously read one of the many words written by the critics concerning it. It has been urged by writers of the rank of De Quincey, Mr. Leslie Stephen, and Mr. Lowell, that its thought is borrowed from Bolingbroke; that the philosophical system expounded in it lacks unity, and that one position is, indeed, inconsistent with another; that it is illogical, shallow, ill-digested, and I know not what besides. Now all these charges are more or less true, and if but one of them were true the "Essay on Man" would be deprived of claims to honor as a systematic philosophical statement. But this is just what it is not, — just what it cannot be, unless it is to abandon all right to be considered a poem. Pope's poetry is the poetry of the understanding; but an orderly logical essay on man, with all its parts so well and calmly thought out in relation to each other that there should be no inconsistency or flaw in the chain of reasoning, would be the mere prose of the understanding. We are easily misled by names, and the essay being a recognized prose form, we yield to the temptation to judge by prose canons any composition bearing that name. Perhaps there is no fact which tells so much in favor of an affirmative answer to the old question of the debating society, "Was Pope a poet?" than his obvious inability to produce metrical work which, when judged by these canons, is at all satisfactory. The "Essay on Man" is not an essay at all, in so far as that term involves logical as well as literary continuity; it is really a collection of short reflective and epigrammatic poems, the welding together of which into a larger poem — with an apparent rather than a real unity — is mechanical, not vital. Thus, in the "Essay on Man" the parts are greater than the whole; and Pope, as represented by this and similar works, is one of the few poets to whom no injustice, but rather the fullest justice, is done by

the process of reproduction in what used to be called elegant extracts.

Of the single lines which, in becoming popular proverbial expressions, have received the world's testimonial to their penetrating truth of thought and final perfectness of expression it is needless to speak, though it may be remarked that their combination of compactness with clearness is, broadly speaking, unknown to the literature of our own day, and, if we may judge from what we read, is not even regarded as a desirable ideal. Of the longer detachable passages which are, in a manner, complete in themselves, and which I have ventured to speak of as poems, it has been said again and again that the thought in them is trite and obvious. It would be foolhardy to affirm that this is never the case; but, even when it is so, it must be remembered that the world owes a debt of gratitude not merely to the man who provides what are called new ideas, but to him who crystallizes old thought, with which in solution people have long been familiar, into some enduring jewel of language. There is always something admirable and deserving in literature instinct with that quality of which Pope wrote the memorable couplet:—

True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed.

It may, however, be questioned whether Pope's intellectual substance is really so thin as it is often assumed to be. The master of utterance has the power of so presenting a new or profound thought that we appropriate it at once, and the appropriation is so effortless that we are tempted to believe it has always been ours,—that because we see it so clearly now, we have always seen it with equal clearness. On the other hand, the thought which we take home with difficulty acquires a factitious value from the labor spent in its acquisition, for it is not in human nature to prize lightly what it has cost so much to win. I would not even seem to depreciate the noble work of Robert Browning; but I think any fair-minded admirer will admit that an important element in his estimate of the poet's thought is his consciousness that he has made it his own by working for it, and that if he had not worked for it, it could never have been his.

And this mention of Browning tempts me to note the fact that one of his most striking central ideas was really anticipated, and anticipated not vaguely and

tentatively but with singular force and distinctness, by the poet with whom he seems to have so little in common. The idea as it appears in numerous poems of Browning may be briefly stated thus: Man is a being created for two lives, a finite life and an infinite life, and if he will live wisely he will neither ignore the latter in the enjoyment of the former, nor commit the opposite error of attempting to snatch at the fulness of the infinite life while yet subject to the bonds of the finite,—to "crowd into time eternity's concern." This is the thought which pervades with weighty warning such poems as "Paracelsus," "Sordello," and "Easter-Day,"—with stimulating appeal such other poems as "A Grammarian's Funeral" and "Rabbi Ben Ezra;" it is indeed one of the most frequent of Browning's germinal ideas, and is often referred to as something peculiarly his own. He has, doubtless, largely made it so by characteristic treatment; but in another form, less impressive indeed but more sharply outlined than the dramatic, it is certainly present in the "Essay on Man." After an argument which may be left to the tender mercies of the logical critics, Pope arrives at the conclusion that in the universe of being,

'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as
Man:
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has placed him wrong?

To this question Pope's optimistic theism can give but one reply, and it is in the course of this reply—from which a few passages must be quoted—that he unfolds the thought of man's limitations and possibilities.

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in
fault;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge measured to his state and
place,
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or there.

In Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.

The bliss of Man (could Pride that blessing
find),
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.

It is needless to adduce parallels, but it

will be seen that the thought of Pope is really one with the thought of Browning; and if its expression by the earlier poet seems less impressive than that of our own contemporary, the comparative lack of impressiveness is to be found, not in the thought itself, but in the form of expression which has become to us old-fashioned, flat, and destitute of its primal charm.

What Pope has to say concerning the relation of passion to conduct is hardly less noteworthy. The passions, uncontrolled by reason or conscience, have forced so many men into folly or vice or crime that the first thought of the average man is to regard them as necessarily enemies of virtue, and the reasoning, restraining faculties as necessarily its allies. This was certainly the ordinary view of the eighteenth century, its moral ideal being the conception of a man whose passions were always held in subjection. It is, indeed, the ordinary view even yet, and many a man and woman of to-day has felt the delightful shock of a new and illuminating truth in reading the words of Professor Seeley: "No heart is pure that is not passionate; no virtue is safe that is not enthusiastic," — or those other words of Rabbi Ben Ezra: —

Let us not always say
Spite of this flesh to-day
"I strove, made head, gained ground upon
the whole!"

As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry, "All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more now than
flesh helps soul.

How fresh this seems, — how full of the sweet, sharp breath of the new day! but here, too, Pope after his own fashion has been first in the field. To him the fixity of virtue boasted of by the mere stoic is but a fixity like that of frost. "Strength of mind," he says, "is exercise not rest," and while on the ocean of life over which we are all sailing reason is the card which guides, passion is the gale which sends the ship bounding over the billows to the haven where she would be.

Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the
wind.

Every one knows the passage which sets forth and illustrates Pope's theory of a ruling passion as a motive power of conduct; and it is this passion to which he refers in the lines which, it will be seen, bear a curious resemblance, not merely in

thought but in phraseology, to the passages quoted from Professor Seeley and Browning.

Th' Eternal Art, educing good from ill,
Grafts on this Passion our best principle:
'Tis thus the Mercury of man is fixed,
Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mix'd;
The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
And *in one interest body acts with mind.*
As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear;
The surest Virtues thus from Passions shoot,
Wild Nature's vigor working at the root.

There is no need to press Pope's claims too vehemently, or to urge them with exaggeration of emphasis; but surely it is bare justice to say that those who accuse him of merely superficial thinking raise a suspicion that they themselves have been guilty of hasty and careless reading. Nor can they justify their charge by the plea that Pope simply versified the thought of Bolingbroke. What is the explanation of the fact that to-day, though Pope is not read as he ought to be read, the readers of the "Essay on Man" are numbered by thousands, while readers of Bolingbroke — one of the most brilliant writers of English prose — are numbered by units? No explanation is possible but this, — that Pope, though he may not have originated the intellectual substance of the "Essay" has given to it the finally satisfying expression; and this he could not have done by merely translating it from prose into verse, but only by thinking it, as it were, over again, for no one can rightly utter the thought that he has not made his own.

There was no Bolingbroke behind the "Essay on Criticism, but it is not less rich 'han the "Essay on Man" in the ripe fruit of plain sense, the unpretentious but practical wisdom of the understanding. Open the poem almost anywhere, and we see how Pope goes straight to the heart of the matter in hand, how he says just the true thing in the best possible way, and therefore the final way. No question, for example, has been more fiercely discussed than this, — Is art to be judged by the measure of its truth to nature as nature is observed by the individual artist, or by the measure of its conformity to certain traditions of fitness which long *prestige* has rendered classical? We should expect Pope to take his cue from the conventional spirit of his age which was dominated by Renaissance influences; but as a matter of fact his verdict is in favor both of the direct study of nature and of loyalty to classical traditions of

art, because he sees that the two are really one.

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same:
Unerring NATURE, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of Art.

"Nature the source and end and test of art" might have served as a motto for the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, a justification for all their eccentricities and rebellions. But Pope would not have been a Pre-Raphaelite, for this is not his last word.

Those RULES of old discover'd, not devised,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodiz'd;
Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

When first young Maro in his boundless mind
A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,
Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw:

But when t' examine every part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.

These rules, these great examples, must, however, be to the poet (for it is the poet of whom Pope is mainly writing) as guide-posts, indicating generally the way he should go; not as walls compelling him to tread undeviatingly the beaten track. Those are graces which no methods can teach, because they come not by foresight but by fortune; lucky licenses which disown authority but which, in virtue of their success, become authorities themselves; glorious offences of "great wits" who

From vulgar bounds with grave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without passing thro' the judgment,
gains

The heart, and all its end at once attains.

This is really as profound as it is pellucid; not one whit less profound in its way than the illuminating words of Polixenes in "The Winter's Tale":—

Yet nature is made better by no mean
But nature makes that mean; so, o'er that art

Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes.

This is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather,
but

The art itself is nature.

In both passages we see common sense at its highest—the wisdom of the understanding which discriminates and compares, rising into the wisdom of the reason which sees. Even, however, when it re-

mains on its lower levels among the most familiar simplicities of observation or reflection, it always leaves behind it the satisfaction given by adequacy of accomplishment. Indeed it is not distinguished from other poetry by choice of theme or even in the strict sense of the word by treatment of theme; it is poetry which is found wherever the poet—be his matter or manner what it may—estimates fairly the possibilities of expression existing in himself, and the possibilities of being expressed which exist in his subject.

Kingsley thought of Pope as pre-eminently the poet of plain sense, and Dryden, Johnson, Goldsmith, Crabbe, and Cowper, whose manner is in varying degrees akin to Pope's, are not less entitled to the designation; but the fact that these men belong to one literary school may easily betray the unwary into a specious error of intellectual grouping. They represent what is called, perhaps not very accurately, the classical manner of feeling and handling; whereas Shelley and his school represent the manner which is known as romantic; but the controversy between the adherents of "plain sense" and the devotees of the "seventh heaven" is not one with the weary and interminable controversy between classicism and romanticism. The questions to be asked before deciding whether a writer belongs to the sensible or pseudo-celestial order of poets are not, "Does he write in the trim couplets of Pope, or in the bounding, lyrical manner of Shelley?" "Does he celebrate nature conventionalized or nature free?" "Is his philosophy the philosophy of pedestrian empiricism or of soaring transcendentalism?" but, "Have his conceptions, be they lofty or lowly, the coherent sanity of substance which alone lends itself to clear representation in a satisfying artistic form?" and "Are such conceptions within or beyond his reach; does he dominate them or is he dominated by them?" Matthew Arnold has observed that Keats *renders* nature, while Shelley *tries to render* her. With the truth of the special criticism I have no immediate concern; but the words are cited because they indicate with such clear conciseness the essential difference between two classes of poetic craftsmen. It is this perfection of rendering—whether of nature or of human life, of thought, sentiment, or emotion—which makes such a term as "poet of plain sense" a term of absolute praise, instead of being like classical or romantic, subjective or objective, an epithet which may be used

either by way of eulogy or of reproach. Mr. W. M. Rossetti, for example, depreciates Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" on the ground that he finds it "defective in the core of common sense," and while the finding may possibly be questioned, every judicious reader will feel that if it be admitted the verdict of depreciation based upon it is perfectly just; for by deficiency in common sense the writer means a lack of that organic coherence of substance which is as essential to the conviction of the imagination as is sound logic to the conviction of the reason. Such a lack is not merely a defect from this or that point of view, it is a defect from any point of view, — a fault in itself.

The opposite merit is to be found not only in the classical didactics of Pope, Dryden, and the earlier Georgians, but in the romantic narrative and descriptive poetry of Byron and Scott; it is not wanting in the meditatively observant work of Wordsworth. It is not necessary in order to praise the poetry of common sense consistently, that we should prefer the work of the eighteenth century to that of the men who are nearer to our own time, — work which necessarily comes home to us because it speaks our own thought in our own dialect. When Kingsley spoke of the dominating quality of Pope's verse as having gone out, he meant that it had gone out of fashion, not that it had gone out of existence, for a cardinal intellectual virtue does not perish with the men of any generation; "the poetry of *sense*," to adapt a line of Keats, "is never dead." Just at present, more's the pity, Byron and Scott are largely sharing the fate of Pope — they have gone out; and we have been told again and again that their loss of vogue is due to the absence from their work of a certain exquisiteness of apprehension, a sublimity of sensation, a mastery of complexities of *technique*, of all those vague virtues of conception and treatment which are summed up in the one blessed word "distinction." These things are certainly not to be discerned in "Childe Harold" or "The Lady of the Lake," but one has a shrewd suspicion that what is found amiss in these poems by the noisiest class of contemporary connoisseurs is not the absence of something, but the presence of something else, — of that fine, manly robustness, that sturdy directness, that simple, instinctive swiftness of touch which embodies a clear and vivid conception in a perfectly representative literary form that stands a silent reproach to the ineffective prettiness, the

oracular obscurity, and the convulsive strain of the verse which, because it can never touch or move the normally constituted human being, is, on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*, spoken of as "intimate."

This intimacy is supposed to be specially manifest in the treatment of nature by contemporary poets of the seventh heaven, and in their verse nature is certainly exploited as she has never been exploited before. She has become a Diana pursued to her most private haunts by a literary Actæon with note-book in hand; but the notes that he makes gives one the impression of being the jottings of an eavesdropper, not the confidences of a favored lover. Even in Pope's "Windsor Forest," with all its conventional phraseology, one is conscious of a simple, more instructive, and therefore more genuine enjoyment of nature than is to be found in the work of certain living poets, who have, indeed, abjured convention for cram. Where, now, it may be asked, save here and there in the work of poets like Lord Tennyson, Browning, and Matthew Arnold, do we read poetry which brings us into such veritable touch with the life of the elements as that of which we are made conscious by the virile stanzas of Byron?

All heaven and earth are still — though not
in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:
All heaven and earth are still: From the high
host
Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-
coast,
All is concenter'd in a life intense
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

The sky is changed! — and such a change!
Oh night,
And storm and darkness, ye are wondrous
strong.
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone
cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her
aloud!

Such pictorial description as this, producing its effects so simply, so swiftly, so directly, is, not less than the measured epigrammatic didacticism of Pope, the poetry of common sense; because diverse as are their indwelling spirit and their out-

ward form, they both exhibit the calm supremacy of fulfilled accomplishment, not the contortion of ineffectual strain. We have didactic poetry now, and it is very different from the didactic poetry of Pope and Johnson, having less of glitter and more of warmth, fewer of the accents of the world, more of the inspired tone of solitary vision; but it has the same notes of clearness, simplicity, sufficingness. These are heard in Arnold's stanza:—

We cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides;
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides.

But tasks in hours of insight will'd
Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd.

They are heard yet again in the lines of "In Memoriam":—

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul according well
May make one music as before

But vaster.

Nor are they absent from, or inconsistent with, the poetry of a sane and reverent mysticism which inspires Wordsworth's great "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality;" for the poet of plain sense is not the poet who is distinguished from his aspiring peers by being content to dwell in the flat lowlands of thought and emotion, but by his gift of climbing without giddiness, of breathing the air of the higher summits without intoxication. The poetry of common sense is seen at its best and strongest not when imagination plods along the highway, but when it stands upon the mountain-top, as in the Homeric epic, the "Divine Comedy" of Dante, the human tragedy of Shakespeare, the "Paradise Lost" of Milton. In these supreme efforts we are, however, impressed more immediately and forcibly by the Titanesque power than by the sane and ordered co-ordination of its expression; so therefore, when we name the poetry of common sense, we naturally think of the poetry in which the peculiar quality stands free from the shadow of more splendid if not more essential endowments; and the name which comes to our lips will not be the name of Homer or Shakespeare; it will be some such name as that of Pope. Nor is he unworthy of the representative position. If it be urged that his substance is too familiar to be arresting, we may fairly ask, who made it familiar? whose stamp it was that gave to common metal such universal currency? The gentleman

who went to see "Hamlet" for the first time said that it was "a good play but too full of quotations." We laugh at him, and half an hour afterwards we ourselves remark with a grave face that Pope's literary merits are considerable, but that his thought is trite and commonplace. Be it so. Sleep is commonplace, but Sancho Panza had the grace to bless the man who invented it. Common sense is not quite so common as it ought to be, but it is nevertheless sufficiently common to be despised by superior people. We will therefore bless the men who have made it common, and among our blessings a special benediction shall be reserved for Alexander Pope.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

From Temple Bar

WILLIAM COBBETT.

DOES any one read the writings of William Cobbett now? If not why not? Cobbett wrote so much, and so rapidly, and often with such a very limited knowledge of his subject, that it was inevitable that he should write a good deal of nonsense. But there is nonsense and nonsense, and it may be doubted whether he ever wrote anything which was not worth reading. There are many things written, which are of unquestionable sense, and at the same time of very questionable value; while nonsense of the right sort is absolutely priceless. Who would not rather have written Lamb's "Dissertation upon Roast Pig" than Harvey's "Meditations among the Tombs"?

Not that Cobbett would or could have written either the one or the other. For anything of the nature of fiction, unless it had a directly polemical or didactic object, he had the most profound contempt; and there was nothing morbid or sentimental about his religion. Admiration for Shakespeare's plays or Scott's novels he regarded as evidence of want of sound judgment; while because Dr. Johnson feared death, he never referred to him without giving him some such opprobrious titles, as "Old Dread-death and Dread-devil Johnson." He was always terribly in earnest, always "cocksure" of everything, always inviting the world to tread upon the tails of his coat, always brave, pugnacious, irascible, cheerful, prejudiced, kind-hearted, unreasonable, and altogether lovable. He was a great master of the difficult art of writing forcible and idio-

matic English prose. His simple and direct style vibrates with life and energy, sometimes breaking out into a passion of vituperation, sometimes lighted up with unexpected humor, or with fine pathos more unexpected still.

William Cobbett was born at Farnham, on March 9th, 1762, and was the third son of George Cobbett, a small farmer. His father seems to have been a man of high character and robust common sense, but possessed of only a very small amount of education. The sons were made to work at a very early age, but seem always to have been treated with kindness. William soon showed that he was a boy of independent and adventurous spirit and literary taste; not perhaps a very common combination, unless — which is extremely doubtful — a taste for printed matter of the "penny dreadful" type can be called literary. When young Cobbett was only eleven years old, having met a man who told him of the wonderful things which might be seen in Kew Gardens, without any fear he started off at once to walk to Kew with sixpence halfpenny in his pocket. After walking all day, he reached Richmond, with exactly threepence of his little store still unexpended. His notice was attracted by a little book in the window of a bookseller's shop, "The Tale of a Tub," price threepence. Impelled by some strange fancy, he expended his whole fortune in the purchase of the book. That was perhaps the turning-point of his life. He went into a field to examine his treasure. The book revealed to him the existence of a new world of ideas. Unmindful of supper or bed, he read on, until it became too dark for him to read any longer. For many years after this the book was his constant companion, and the influence of Swift is distinctly visible in much of his writing.

He was fortunate enough to obtain temporary employment in Kew Gardens, but does not appear to have stayed there very long. On leaving Kew he returned to his father's house, and continued to work on the farm until he reached the age of one-and-twenty. His final departure from the home of his childhood was the result of a sudden resolution, suddenly acted upon. He was going one day to a fair at Guildford with only a few shillings in his pocket, when the London coach came rattling down the road. Until that moment he had never thought of going to London, but the determination to do so was instantly formed in his mind. He joined the coach; his independent life began.

The rapid decision and the prompt action were alike characteristic of the man. Throughout his life he never seems to have known the meaning of doubt or hesitation. His mental vision, if limited in range, was perfectly clear. Whatever his eye was fixed on, he saw with distinctness and certainty, and he saw nothing else. He was absolutely honest and courageous, and always walked straight to his immediate goal with unfaltering steps. It must, however, be admitted that when he had reached that goal, it was no unusual thing for him to turn completely round, and walk all the way back again, sublimely unconscious that he had not all the time been progressing in the same direction.

There must have been something very winning and attractive in Cobbett, for he never failed to find, not only friends, but friends of the right sort. When the coach stopped for dinner, he got into conversation with one of his fellow-passengers, to whom he explained his plans, or rather his want of plans. This man treated him with the greatest kindness, offered him a home at his own house in London, and obtained a situation for him in a solicitor's office.

During the time that he was a solicitor's clerk, Cobbett was more unhappy than at any other period of his life. Not only was the work which he had to do utterly uncongenial to him, it was also excessively hard. In order to get through his daily task, he had to work from five o'clock in the morning until eight or nine at night, and sometimes all night long. He might at any time have escaped from the almost intolerable drudgery. His father wished him to return home, but his indomitable pride would not suffer him to do so.

It was not long, however, before he found a way of escape for himself. Once again a sudden impulse led him to take a step which changed the whole current of his life. Walking one Sunday afternoon in St. James's Park, he saw an advertisement inviting young men to enlist in the Royal Marines. He decided immediately to accept the invitation. The next day he went to Chatham, but by some mistake he did not enlist in the Marines, but in the 54th Foot, which at that time was stationed in Nova Scotia.

He had to remain for a year at Chatham, to learn his drill. It was here that the real trials of his life began. He was obliged to associate with men of the worst character, who were drunkards and inveterate gamblers. But his early training and

the lessons which he had learned from his parents stood him in good stead. Never during the whole time that he was in the army did he taste intoxicating liquor or touch a card.

What spare time he had, he spent in improving his education. Experience had taught him that his ignorance of English grammar was a great disadvantage to him. He accordingly procured a copy of "Lowth's English Grammar," and set himself to master it. With this object in view, he spared himself no pains. He copied out the whole book two or three times. Then he learnt it by heart, and made it a rule to repeat it over from beginning to end every night and morning, and whenever he was on sentry duty. But it would appear that he was not satisfied with the book. The task of mastering it had evidently been an extremely tedious one, and he afterwards came to the conclusion that it was full of errors. Many years afterwards he wrote an English grammar for the use of his son, in which he endeavored to avoid the errors into which Bishop Lowth had fallen. "Cobbett's English Grammar" is very far from being a faultless book, but it is a work of singular merit. It has indeed been said of Cobbett, that he wrote an English grammar which was "as entertaining as a novel." And this is nothing more than the literal truth. In fact, many novels are far harder to read than Cobbett's grammar. The full title of the book is: "A Grammar of the English Language, in a series of Letters: intended for the use of schools and of young persons in general, but more especially for the use of soldiers, sailors, apprentices, and plough-boys. By William Cobbett. To which are added six lessons, intended to prevent statesmen from using false grammar, and from writing in an awkward manner." From its sarcastic title-page to the end of the two hundred and thirty-nine pages of which it is composed, every sentence in the book tingles and vibrates with the strong personality of the writer. But the purpose with which the book was written is never lost sight of. It is an orderly, simple, and luminous treatise, displaying strong common sense and sound judgment.

In one of the letters of which the book is composed, Cobbett criticises the king's speech. He was probably not the first, as he was certainly not the last, to lay an irreverent hand upon a royal speech; but it may be well doubted whether such a document has ever been assailed with so

much vigor and wit. The letter concludes with these words:—

It is unnecessary, my dear James, for me to proceed further with an exposure of the bad grammar and the nonsense of this speech. There is not, in the whole speech, one single sentence that is free from error. Nor will you be at all surprised at this, if ever you should hear those persons uttering their *own* speeches in those places which, when you were a naughty little boy, you used to call the "Thieves' Houses." If you should ever hear them there, stammering and repeating and putting forth their nonsense, your wonder will be, not that they wrote a King's Speech so badly, but that they contrived to put upon paper sentences sufficiently grammatical to enable us to guess at the meaning.

"When you were a naughty little boy" is delicious.

But at the time that Cobbett was laboriously committing to memory "Lowth's English Grammar," neither the "naughty little boy" nor his mother had yet appeared upon the stage of his life.

The time, however, was not far distant when he was to meet the remarkable woman who was destined to become his wife. Of the vast number of books and pamphlets which Cobbett wrote, one, and one only, still deservedly enjoys a wide popularity. Of this book, "Advice to Young Men," many reprints are, at the present time, in circulation. Although the advice contained in the book is not always perfectly sound, yet its whole tone is so healthy, manly, and self-respecting, that the work is still of great value for the purpose for which it was originally written. It is, moreover, so full of autobiographical details that it is most useful to any one who wishes to form a just estimate of Cobbett's life and character. No one can read the passage in which, with straightforward simplicity, he tells the beautiful story of his courtship, without feeling that both Cobbett and his wife must have been people of remarkable strength of character.

When I first saw my wife, she was *thirteen years old*, and I was within about a month of *twenty-one*. She was the daughter of a sergeant of artillery, and I was the sergeant-major of a regiment of foot, both stationed in forts near the city of St. John, in the province of New Brunswick. I sat in the same room with her for about an hour, in company with others, and I made up my mind that she was the very girl for me. That I thought her beautiful is certain, for that I had always said should be an indispensable qualification; but I saw in her what I deemed marks of that sobriety of *conduct* of which I have said so much, and which has been by far the greatest

blessing of my life. It was now dead of winter, and, of course, the snow several feet deep on the ground, and the weather piercing cold. It was my habit, when I had done my morning's writing, to go out at break of day to take a walk on a hill at the foot of which our barracks lay. In about three mornings after I had first seen her I had, by an invitation to breakfast with me, got up two young men to join me in my walk; and our road lay by the house of her father and mother. It was hardly light, but she was out on the snow, scrubbing out a washing tub. "That's the girl for me," said I, when we had got out of her hearing. One of these young men came to England soon afterwards; and he, who keeps an inn in Yorkshire, came over to Preston, at the time of the election, to verify whether I was the same man. When he found that I was, he appeared surprised; but what was his surprise when I told him that those tall young men whom he saw around me were the sons of that pretty little girl that he and I saw scrubbing out the washing tub on the snow in New Brunswick at daybreak in the morning.

From the day that I first spoke to her, I never had a thought of her ever being the wife of any other man, more than I had of her being transformed into a chest of drawers; and I formed my resolution at once to marry her as soon as we could get permission; and to get out of the army as soon as I could, so that this matter was at once settled as firmly as if written in a book of fate. At the end of about six months my regiment, and I along with it, were moved to Frederickton, a distance of a *hundred miles* up the river of St. John; and, which was worse, the artillery was expected to go off to England a year or two before our regiment! The artillery went, and she along with them; and now it was that I acted a part becoming a real and sensible lover. I was aware that, when she got to that gay place Woolwich, the home of her father and mother, necessarily visited by numerous persons, not the most select, might become unpleasant to her; and I did not like, besides, that she should continue to *work hard*. I had saved a *hundred and fifty guineas*, the earnings of my early hours, in writing for the paymaster, the quartermaster, and others, in addition to the savings of my own pay. *I sent her all my money* before she sailed; and wrote to her, to beg of her, if she found her home uncomfortable, to hire a lodging with respectable people; and, at any rate, not to spare the money by any means, but to buy herself good clothes, and to live without hard work, until I arrived in England; and I, in order to induce her to lay out the money, told her that I should get plenty more before I came home.

As the malignity of the devil would have it, we were kept abroad *two years longer* than our time; Mr. Pitt (England not being so tame then as she is now) having knocked up a dust with Spain about Nootka Sound. Oh, how I cursed Nootka Sound, and poor brawling Pitt too, I am afraid! At the end of *four*

years, however, home I came, landed at Portsmouth, and got my discharge from the army by the great kindness of poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who was then major of my regiment. I found my little girl a *servant of all work* (and hard work it was) at *five pounds a year*, in the home of a Captain Brisac; and, without hardly saying a word about the matter, she put into my hands *the whole of my hundred and fifty guineas unbroken!*

This beautiful and wholesome story is the record of the courtship of a good man and a good woman. The only apology needed for the long extract we have given, is that the incident shows us what was the real character of a man who was much misunderstood, and who, it must be frankly confessed, did and said many things which made such misunderstanding inevitable. To tell the story in any words but the simple and straightforward ones which Cobbett uses would be to spoil it. The book from which we have quoted contains many other references to his wife, which show that he was proud of her, and proud to let his pride in her and love for her be known. One other short extract from this book must be given because it not only shows Cobbett's contempt for idleness, but is also a good example of those witty turns of thought and expression which make all his writings so pleasant to read.

It was a story in Philadelphia, some years ago, that a young man who was courting one of three sisters, happened to be on a visit to her, when all the three were present, and when one said to the other, "*I wonder where our needle is.*" Upon which he withdrew, as soon as was consistent with the rules of politeness, resolved never to think more of a girl who possessed a needle only in partnership, and who, it appeared, was not too well informed as to the place where even that share was deposited.

Curiously enough, Cobbett's entrance upon public life was indirectly due to his experience in the army. While he was serving abroad he discovered, or thought he had discovered, that three of the officers of his regiment had been guilty of a long course of systematic fraud and dishonesty. Having access to the regimental books, he was enabled to get up the case against them, which he did with the greatest care, industry, and secrecy. Directly his regiment returned to England Cobbett obtained his discharge for the express purpose of bringing the supposed delinquents to justice. He was married on 5th February, 1792, and very shortly afterwards brought his charges against the

three officers. They were summoned before a court-martial, but the whole case against them collapsed; for almost at the last moment Cobbett declined to appear as a witness and hastily crossed over to France. His own explanation of this strange incident was that he had discovered that, not only had the regimental books been left in the hands of the accused persons, but that the officers and their friends were fully prepared to turn the tables upon him by bringing against him a false charge of high treason, supported by a considerable number of suborned witnesses.

While he was endeavoring to bring the three officers to justice, Cobbett corresponded with many public men, and seems to have become very strongly impressed with the idea that public affairs were in a terribly corrupt state. From that time until the end of his life he was a reformer of public abuses. This led him to attack men of every political party in turn, and in this way he gained for himself the undesirable reputation of being a renegade and a turncoat.

In France he remained only a few months, but long enough to enable him — with his wonderful capacity for work — to gain a sufficient knowledge of the French language to write a French grammar.

From France he went to America, where he remained for eight years. At first he maintained himself and his wife by teaching English to the French refugees who had escaped to America from the horrors of the French Revolution. But as time went on, he learnt to rely more and more upon his pen. It was the Priestley riots which first taught him his controversial power. At this time he was a strong supporter of constituted authority, and he wrote a pamphlet entitled "Observations on Priestley's Emigration," which gave great satisfaction to the government of the day. This pamphlet led to a paper war, in which strong language was used on both sides.

Cobbett now felt that he had found his true vocation. Shortly after the close of the Priestley controversy, he started a monthly political newspaper with the quaint and suggestive title of *Peter Porcupine*. Like the porcupine of fable, its quills flew in all directions. Abuses of all kinds, or what Cobbett regarded as abuses, were unsparingly attacked in the columns of the new paper. The pace was too hot to last. For threats of personal violence and attacks by rival newspapers Cobbett cared nothing, but he could not so easily

disregard actions for libel. In the first action for libel brought against him, the grand jury threw out the bill, but in the second he was not so fortunate, as the verdict was given against him with five thousand dollars damages.

This was too much for Cobbett. He decided to return to England. Before doing so, however, he issued a last number of the *Porcupine*, which contained a farewell address to his readers, which was scarcely calculated to soothe the ruffled feelings of his enemies, for he spoke of America as "an infamous land, where judges became felons, and felons judges." With characteristic courage, Cobbett remained in America for nearly six months after the publication of these gentle words. It does not appear that he was molested.

The voyage between England and America was a serious matter in the early years of the century. Cobbett set sail from America on the 1st June, 1800, and did not land in England until the 8th July in the same year.

He was received with open arms by the Tory party, for whose support he endeavored to resuscitate the *Porcupine*. The attempt met with only a very moderate amount of success. After a very brief career, the paper ceased to appear. It made way for a publication which became far more famous, and which was destined to have a long and stormy existence and to influence a large circle of readers. On the 1st January, 1802, the first number of *Cobbett's Political Register* appeared, and it was continued weekly, with two short intervals, until Cobbett's death in 1835.

In its early days the *Register* was Tory in its politics. Considering that Cobbett afterwards came to be regarded as the most extreme representative of extreme Radicalism, it is a curious fact that one of the articles which appeared in the *Register* during the first year of its existence was reprinted at the expense of the government, and sent to all the clergy in order that they might read it in their churches. The fact is that Cobbett was never, in the ordinary sense of the word, a politician at all. He was a reformer of abuses of all kinds, and in all places, parties, and persons. In his day there was no political party that was pure enough to be able to count upon such a person as a safe and constant supporter. There are indeed some people who are inclined to doubt whether even in the present day we have completely changed all that.

The *Register* very rapidly became popular and successful. In a very few years

after the appearance of the first number, the profits of this and his other publications were so considerable, that Cobbett found himself in a position to buy a house, and a farm of three hundred acres at Botley in Hampshire. Nor can we be surprised that a publication such as the *Register* should have met with enormous success. Odd volumes may always be purchased for a few pence at any second-hand bookseller's. They are well worth buying, for even in the present day, when many of the subjects with which they dealt have been utterly forgotten, the spirited and vigorous writing is most enjoyable. When the *Register* was originally published it must have been delightful to read in its pages a discussion of the burning questions of the day written in a tone of arrogant dogmatism by one who was a master of simple, clear, and resonant English.

But the paper which made Cobbett's fortune also destroyed it.

In 1809 there was a trumpery mutiny among the local militia at Ely. The ringleaders were tried by court-martial and were sentenced to the savage punishment of five hundred lashes each. Cobbett's indignation led him to publish a violent and somewhat intemperate article on this incident in the *Register*. He was prosecuted for seditious libel and sentenced to pay a fine of one thousand pounds and to be imprisoned for two years. In a touching passage in the "Advice to Young Men," he tells of the dismay which the news of this sentence caused to his family:—

The blow was, to be sure, a terrible one; and, O God! how was it felt by these poor children! It was in the month of July when the horrible sentence was passed upon me. My wife, having left the children in the care of her good and affectionate sister, was in London, waiting to know the doom of her husband. When the news arrived at Botley, the three boys, one eleven, another nine, and the other seven years old, were hoeing cabbages in that garden which had been the source of so much delight. When the account of the savage sentence was brought to them, the youngest could not for some time be made to understand what a *jaíl* was; and when he did, he, all in a tremor, exclaimed, "Now I'm sure, William, that papa is not in a place like that!" The other, in order to disguise his tears and smother his sobs, fell to work with a hoe, and *chopped about like a blind person*. This account, when it reached me, affected me more, filled me with deeper resentment, than any other circumstance.

But Cobbett's troubles were not ended

yet. When he came out of prison he was burdened with a debt of £6,000, but his spirit was still undaunted. Not only had he continued to edit the *Register* within the walls of the jail, but he had also written several books during his enforced retirement from public life.

He had become a marked man, and when "the gagging bills" became law in 1819, it was generally understood that the *Register* would be very carefully watched, and that if any plausible pretext could be found the editor would again be clapped into jail.

But Cobbett had had enough of jail, and he determined that his enemies should not have any chance of shutting him up a second time. He accordingly went over to America again, where he prepared his *Register*, sending it over to England for publication. This plan must have detracted considerably from the freshness and interest of the publication.

He remained in America a little more than two years, and they were years of serious misfortune to him. His American home was destroyed by fire, and he had severe losses on his farm at Botley. His debts amounted to £34,000, and he was obliged to declare himself insolvent. He had to part with his home and farm and settled down at Kensington.

But he had still many more years of vigorous life before him. In 1821 he began a practice, which he continued at intervals until 1832, of riding through the rural counties of England, noting down in a diary every evening what he had seen, heard, and said during the day. Cobbett was a shrewd and keen observer, and his "Rural Rides" is a book which is simply invaluable to any one who wishes to form a just estimate of the condition of rural England at a critical period of our history. The new manufacturing system had displaced a large amount of labor, a reckless administration of the Poor-Law had undermined and weakened the self-reliance of the laborers, the loss of our large colonies had crippled our trade, the war with France, which had cost us more than the whole value of the accumulated wealth of the country, had loaded us with an enormous debt, which made excessive taxation an absolute necessity, while a series of bad harvests had greatly increased our embarrassments. It may indeed be doubted whether the condition of the poor, especially in agricultural districts, was ever more miserable than at this period. Cobbett was no philosopher. The explanations which he offers of the causes of

the misery which he witnessed are often childish, and always inadequate. But he was an accurate and sympathetic observer, and a forcible and lucid writer. So great was his vigor and energy, that after a daily ride of about forty miles, it was apparently his invariable custom to write down the observations of the day before going to bed. Those observations sometimes extended over several printed pages. Portions of his diary were actually written in the saddle. What he wrote was published without correction or alteration, so that the book may be said to consist of a series of instantaneous word-photographs. Anything like fine writing he abhorred, but his keen love for nature and his wonderful command of language give a vivid beauty to many of his descriptions of scenery and natural objects. Two brief extracts will give some idea of the charm of a book which, if it is not as much read as it deserves, will always have its warm admirers.

Woodland countries are interesting on many accounts. Not so much on account of their masses of green leaves, as on account of the variety of sights, and sounds, and incidents, that they afford. Even in winter, the coppices are beautiful to the eye, while they comfort the mind, with the idea of shelter and warmth. In spring, they change their hue from day to day, during two whole months, which is about the time from the first appearance of the delicate leaves of the birch, to the full expansion of those of the ash; and, even before the leaves come at all to intercept the view, what, in the vegetable creation, is so delightful to behold, as the bed of a coppice bespangled with primroses and bluebells? The opening of the birch leaves, is the signal for the pheasant to begin to crow, for the blackbird to whistle, and the thrush to sing; and, just when the oak-buds begin to look reddish, and not a day before, the whole tribe of finches burst forth in songs from every bough, while the lark, imitating them all, carries the joyous sounds to the sky. These are amongst the means which Providence has benignantly appointed to sweeten the toils, by which food and raiment are produced; these the English ploughman could once hear, without the sorrowful reflexion that he himself was a *pauper*, and that the bounties of nature had, for him, been scattered in vain! And, shall he never see an end to this state of things? Shall he never have the due reward of his labor? Shall unsparing taxation never cease to make him a miserable, dejected being, a creature famishing in the midst of abundance, fainting, expiring with hunger's feeble moans, surrounded by a carolling creation? Oh! accursed paper-money! Is there a torment surpassing the wickedness of thy inventor?

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There is one deficiency, and that, with me, a great one, throughout this country of corn and grass and oxen and sheep, that I have come over, during the last three weeks; namely, the want of *singing birds*. We are now just in that season when they sing most. Here, in all this country I have seen and heard only about four skylarks, and not one other singing bird of any description, and, of the small birds that do not sing, I have seen only one *yellow-hammer*, and it was perched on the rail of a pound between Borton and Sibsey. Oh! the thousands of linnets all singing together on one tree, in the sandhills of Surrey! Oh! the carolling in the coppices and the dingles of Hampshire and Sussex and Kent! At this moment (five o'clock in the morning) the groves at Barn-Elm are echoing with the warblings of thousands upon thousands of birds. The *thrush* begins a little before it is light; next the *blackbirds*; next the *larks* begin to rise; all the rest begin the moment the sun gives the signal; and, from the hedges, the bushes, from the middle and the topmost twigs of the trees, comes the singing of the endless variety; from the long dead grass comes the sound of the sweet and soft voice of the *white-throat* or *nettle-tom*, while the loud and merry song of the *lark* (the songster himself out of sight) seems to descend from the skies. MILTON, in his description of Paradise, has not omitted the "song of earliest birds." However, everything taken together, here, in Lincolnshire, are more good things than man could have had the conscience to ask of God.

It would be impossible to give here even a bare list of the numerous books upon all sorts of subjects which Cobbett published. He was an easy and rapid writer, and rather took a pride in making no choice of words. He himself said that he had written and published more than three hundred volumes within thirty years. It is by no means improbable that the statement is literally true, for he was a very early riser and was never idle. Some of his books, such as the "History of the Protestant Reformation," are of very little value, but the diligent student of even the most worthless of them is sure to be repaid by the discovery of some passage or passages of rare humor, wit, or pathos. Whenever a bright thought came into Cobbett's mind, down it went upon paper, and somehow or other managed to adapt itself to its surroundings in the book that he was writing at the moment, so that we come quite unexpectedly upon these nuggets of fine gold.

Among the books which he wrote after he settled at Kensington was "Cobbett's Cottage Economy," a work which contains directions about brewing beer, making bread, keeping cows and pigs, and other

such-like matters. In the middle of a practical dissertation on cutting up pigs, we light upon this story, the sly humor of which is delightful.

The butcher the next day cuts the hog up, and then the house is *filled with meat*! Souse, griskins, blade-bones, thigh-bones, spare-ribs, chines, belly-pieces, cheeks, all coming into use one after the other, and the last of the latter not before the end of about four or five weeks. But about this time it is more than possible that the Methodist parson will pay you a visit. It is remarked in America, that these gentry are attracted by the squeaking of the pigs, as the fox is by the cackling of the hen. This may be called slander, but I will tell you what I did know to happen. A good, honest, careful fellow had a spare-rib, on which he intended to sup with his family after a long and hard day's work at coppice-cutting. Home he came at dark with his two little boys, each with a nitch of wood that they had carried four miles, cheered with the thought of the repast that awaited them. In he went, found his wife, the Methodist parson, and a whole troop of the sisterhood, engaged in prayer, and on the table lay scattered the clean-polished bones of the spare-rib!

After several unsuccessful attempts to enter Parliament, Cobbett was returned at the head of the poll for Oldham at the first election after the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832. He had been long looked upon as a political firebrand, and there were many who thought that his presence in the House of Commons would lead to turbulent scenes. But any such expectation was entirely falsified by the result; Cobbett was from the first a most peaceable and orderly member, an acceptable speaker and a ready debater. The opening words of his first speech were eminently characteristic of the man: "It appears to me, that since I have been sitting here, I have heard a great deal of vain and unprofitable conversation."

In the general election of 1835 he was again returned for Oldham, but he was then in feeble health, and only survived his election a few months, passing away quietly in his sleep on June 17th, in his seventy-fourth year.

It was difficult for Cobbett's contemporaries to form a just estimate of his character. He was a courageous and upright Englishman, and the most kind-hearted of men. He was always ready to champion the cause of the poor, the weak, the miserable. A case of oppression roused at once two sentiments in his heart, the one tender, helpful, and ready sympathy for the sufferer, the other an irresistible desire to kick the person who

had caused the suffering. Kick he would, with all the strength and energy of his nature. Now and then he would kick the right person, but as often as not his wrath would expend itself upon some innocent bystander, or even upon some one who was endeavoring to aid the sufferer.

"Whatever men or measures Cobbett thought likely to give Englishmen plenty of meat and drink, good raiment and lodging, he praised; and whatever did not directly offer these blessings he denounced as impostures." He was incapable of discovering remote causes or of foreseeing remote results. His short views were always perfectly clear and distinct, and he spoke with angry impatience and contempt of those whose wider survey of causes and consequences was apt to be a trifle hazy. Jeremy Bentham, whose subtle intellect was cast in quite a different mould, formed an utterly erroneous estimate of his character, which is not surprising, but a trifle amusing. "He is a man filled with *odium humani generis*. His malevolence and lying ar beyond everything" — a striking instance of the blindness of what Charles Lamb neatly called "imperfect sympathy." Hazlitt, with the gentle tolerance of a true literary critic, has left us a far juster estimate of the man and a pleasing description of his appearance and manner.

The only time I ever saw him he seemed to me a very pleasant man, easy of access, affable, clear-headed, simple and mild in his manner, deliberate and unruined in his speech; though some of his expressions were not very qualified. His figure is tall and portly, he has a good, sensible face, rather full, with little grey eyes, a hard, square forehead, a ruddy complexion, with hair grey or powdered; and had on a scarlet broadcloth waistcoat, with the flaps of the pockets hanging down, as was the custom for gentlemen farmers in the last century, or as we see in the pictures of members of Parliament in the reign of George I. I certainly did not think less favorably of him for seeing him.

Cobbett was a firm believer in the truths of Christianity, and while he had the greatest dislike for anything which he regarded as cant, he was a truly religious man.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, NATURALIST.

IT is one of the properties, so general as to be almost worth calling a *differentia*, of the Anglo Saxon race to take kindly to

what is loosely styled "natural history." What manner of history that may be which is "unnatural," or "not of nature," in one or other of her thousand aspects, no mortal has yet discovered or shall discover. In our popular phraseology, meanwhile, we are pleased, without much show of either reason or consistency, to narrow down the term within limits which, in truth, are wide enough, but yet fall far short of the whole significance of the words themselves. Greek and Latin writers were fond of the grammatical figure whereby the part is substituted for the whole; we in these days seem to prefer the converse method, and wastefully employ, in many instances, "the whole for the part." It is in this spirit of limitation that by "mathematics" we are accustomed to indicate only one small branch of the tree of knowledge; by "music," only one of the arts with which the Sacred Nine were identified. With us to-day the lawyer is the only recognized "solicitor," the funeral-furnisher the sole authorized "undertaker;" none other is suffered to usurp these titles, solicit he never so wisely, undertake he never so much or so expensively. So it is also with our "natural history," which, as we understand it, signifies the inquiry into the characteristics and economy of the animal world, as represented by fowl of the air and beast of the field, by thing creeping and thing swimming, by whatever, in short, has a conscious life, man himself alone being excepted. This of all histories it is that commands a never-failing quota of students, the only one, indeed, upon which we as a nation seem to enter with a congenial enthusiasm. We do not necessarily make a labor or a parade of it, wearying ourselves and our neighbors with minute subdivisions and scientific classifications; that must ever be the privilege of the few. But we, most of us, are aware of an instinctive leaning to, at any rate, a rough-and-ready acquaintance with the subject. It is but seldom that an English boy does not evince, in one direction or another, a decided taste for historical studies of this character. And we carry it with us blithely, often as the sole remnant of our blitheness, into the dreary region of middle life, where it helps mercifully to beguile the dead level of that particular mill-round to which destiny or desperation has chained us. There is, too, a special vitality attaching to the literature of natural history. Humes and Gibbons have their little day and give place to others, but we never grow tired of such

books as "White's Selborne" (of which last year was the *centenary*), or "The Gamekeeper at Home."

Little apology, then, is needed for drawing attention to the Shakespearean treatment of so favorite a study. Such attention has already in some measure been drawn by the publication of Mr. Harting's work on "The Ornithology of Shakespeare," which renders it unnecessary in these pages to devote any specific consideration to feathers. But fur, scales, and other integuments remain to us. Accustomed though we be to think and boast of our great dramatist's encyclopædic genius, we cannot without close survey adequately realize the meaning of our own words. To "tell a hawk from a heronshaw" were perhaps no great feat even for an amateur naturalist in Elizabethan days; but to have something to say about almost all the British birds at that time identified is a little remarkable in one whose allusions to ornithology were meant to be merely parenthetical. That the same lay mind should also have been able to introduce shrewd comments on the great majority of quadrupeds then known to exist in this and other countries, together with frequent notes on the fishes, insects, reptiles, and crustaceans, is enough to stagger all save the most loyal believer in the unity of Shakespearean authorship.

That all our so-called domestic animals should be mentioned *passim* is only what we might reasonably expect. The faithful enumeration, however, of all, or nearly all, the *varieties* is worth noticing. Under the head of cattle, for instance, we find not merely the *bull*, *cow*, *ox*, and *calf*, with the metaphorical *mooncalf* (Tempest, ii. 1, and iii. 2), but also *kine*, *steer*, *heifer*, and *neat* (still current in Suffolk and perhaps in other counties). "Neat's tongue" is more than once employed as a term of abuse, as, *e.g.*, by Falstaff in "Henry IV.," Part I., ii. 4; and the same word is turned to account in one of Shakespeare's many freaks of paronomasia. Leontes says (Winter's Tale, i. 2):—

Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, cap-
tain;
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf
Are all call'd neat.

"Neat's leather," again, is twice used in a quasi-proverbial sense, first by Stephano (Tempest, ii. 2), who describes Caliban as "a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather," and secondly by a cobbler in the opening scene of "Julius

Cæsar," where, in essaying to satisfy the angry tribune Marullus on the score of his character and means of decent livelihood, he protests: "As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handywork." It was, no doubt, a common idiom in Shakespeare's day. "Sheep," (sometimes also "sheeps") as a generic term occurs frequently; and we need not be very close students to mark here and there the more particular "wether," "ewe," and "ram," as well as, of course, "lamb" and "lambkin." "Bell-wether," in a topical sense, we may read in one of Falstaff's extravaganzas (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, iii. 5).

When first, and why, the eminently sagacious ass was selected as a type of doltishness it were doubtless no easy matter now to determine; but the choice was a singularly bad one. Of patient endurance, its really distinguishing characteristic, it would have furnished a far happier illustration, for, depend upon it, maugre the seeming paradox, the ass is no fool. The popular prejudice, however, three centuries ago, decided otherwise, or perhaps was inherited from yet more remote generations, and has been faithfully handed down without change to our own times. *Pons asinorum* is probably the most widely known shred of Anglo-Latin that British scholarship, if indeed it be of our own devising, has yet accomplished — and the most inane. The only ass spoken handsomely of or to in Shakespeare's plays is Bully Bottom in that guise; while, on the other hand, the opprobrious application of the name meets us at every turn. "What an ass art thou!" heartily ejaculates Speed to Launce (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii. 5); "Preposterous ass!" cries Lucentio, seeking to drown Hortensio's music; even Caliban thus reproaches himself (*Tempest*, v. 1): —

What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

Antipholus of Ephesus says blandly to Dromio, "I think thou art an ass," which provokes the retort (*Comedy of Errors*, iii. 1): —

Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and being at that
pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware
of an ass.

The mule is mentioned less often, some eight times in all. In "Henry VI." (Part II. iv. 1) Suffolk objects that "the honor-

able blood of Lancaster" should be shed by one who had kissed his hand, held his stirrup, and "bareheaded plodded by my foot-cloth mule." Shylock, again, argues that the Jew's pound of flesh is as much his own as the "asses, dogs, and mules" which Christians buy and count their own property. But it has never been a prevalent beast of burden in these realms. *En revanche*, the horse is abundantly recognized. Every one remembers Richard's despairing cry, "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" (*Richard III.*, v. 4), but a fine simile in "Measure for Measure," i. 2, is possibly not quite so familiar. Claudio, lamenting the severity of "the new deputy now for the duke," wonders whether the strictness of the new *régime* be due to

the fault and glimpse of newness,
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, straight lets it feel the spur.

We read, too, of "unback'd colts" (*Tempest*, iv. 1), of the "malt-horse," a term applied contemptuously to a dullard (*Comedy of Errors*, iii. 1), of "hobby-horses" (*Much Ado About Nothing*, iii. 2), "hackneys" (*Love's Labor Lost*, iii. 1), and the duke says of Touchstone, "He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit." We may even trace a few of the expressions which we still use to distinguish the color of the animal. A groom in "Richard II.," v. 5, speaks of the day "when Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary," and Edgar, in "King Lear," iii. 4, complains of the foul fiend, who made him "proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inch'd bridges."

But of all animals employed in the service of man none is noticed more frequently than the dog. The mere enumeration of the various species is remarkable from its fulness. There are two passages, one in "Macbeth," iii. 1, the other in "King Lear," iii. 6, in which a catalogue of breeds is given. The two together probably exhaust, or nearly so, the list of dwellers in Elizabethan kennels: —

- (1) As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs, Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are clept All by the name of dogs.
- (2) Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel, grim, Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym, Or bob-tail tike, or trundle-tail.

Some few of these are still extant, notably the mongrel and the cur, and the names of others, now obsolete or otherwise designated, explain themselves. *Brach* Professor Skeat defines to be "a kind of hunting-dog," which no doubt is true, as far as it goes — though that, after all, is no great distance. The word occurs again in "The Taming of the Shrew," i. 1, where we have "brach Merriman," and the huntsman is charged to "couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach;" and also in "Henry IV.," Part I. iii. 1, where Hotspur would rather hear "Lady, my brach, howl in Irish," than the lady sing in Welsh. "Lady, the brach" is to be found, too, in "King Lear," i. 4, on which passage Mr. Aldis Wright has a note to the effect that "a brach was a bitch hound" — but how does this agree with brach Merriman? — "Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) '*Braque*, a kind of short-tayled setting-dog; ordinarily spotted, or partie-colored.'" The precise identity is a matter for "the fancy" to determine. A *lym* (or *lyam*) was a bloodhound, said to have been so called from the "leam" or leash with which he was held; but the derivation sounds a little feeble, for at that rate all dogs held in leash would be "lyms," and the bloodhound is certainly mentioned in his own name, as in "Henry IV.," Part II. v. 4. The *spaniel*, or Spanish dog, and his cringing ways were evidently well known. "I am your spaniel," says Helena (Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 2),

and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

"Where's my spaniel Troilus?" cries Petruchio (Taming of the Shrew, iv. 1), while Proteus, speaking of Silvia (Two Gentlemen of Verona, iv. 2), declares that

notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.

Falconry has long ceased to be reckoned among our popular pastimes; though not actually extinct it has become so limited and exceptional that perhaps not one sportsman in a thousand has ever seen it in operation. But coursing survives, and in some favored districts is practised as ardently as ever it was. The many allusions in Shakespeare to the *greyhound*

prove conclusively that in his age the sport of hare-and-hounds was well patronized. "I see you stand," says the king (Henry V., iii. 1), like greyhounds in the slips, straining upon the start." Edward and Richard are likened (Henry VI., Part III. ii. 5) to "a brace of greyhounds having the fearful flying hare in sight." Even in "Coriolanus" (i. 6), the simile of "a fawning greyhound in the leash" is introduced, and the "two brace of greyhounds" sent to Timon of Athens (i. 2), though a remarkable present in the circumstances, may be noted as another instance of British sports transferred by a stroke of the dramatist's pen to classical soil, for coursing, as we understand it, can scarcely have been known to either Greek or Roman. "How does your fallow greyhound, sir?" asks Slender (Merry Wives of Windsor, i. 1); "I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall;" and Benedick declares that Margaret's wit is "as quick as the greyhound's mouth — it catches" (Much Ado About Nothing, v. 2). We may further observe that literary fox-hunters seldom describe what they elegantly style "a real good thing" without (perhaps unwittingly) drawing upon Shakespeare for one of their commonest phrases. "The music of my hounds," and "the musical confusion of hounds and echo in conjunction" are both from "Midsummer Night's Dream," iv. 1. Even the humble beagle finds a place in the list. Sir Toby Belch, in his cups, it is true, pays Maria the compliment of comparing her to "a beagle, true-bred."

Launce's "Crab, my dog," though he be, as his master thought, "the sourest-natured dog that lives," a grievous disappointment to him who had "brought him up of a puppy," having "saved him from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it," will never be forgotten. His pedigree is not given, but perhaps we shall be doing him no great injustice if we range him among the "curs," or "curtals" (Comedy of Errors, iii. 1). We may hope, too, that Launce himself was never called upon to undergo either of the trials suggested in the lines (*Id.*, v. 1):—

The venom clamors of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

Finally, let us note the figurative value of the animal in the three canine metaphors, "let slip the dogs of war" (Julius Cæsar, iii. 1), "dog-weary" (Taming of the Shrew, iv. 2), and Sir Andrew Aguecheek's "I am dog at a catch" (Twelfth Night, ii. 3). When all is said and sung

we shall probably not quarrel with Pistol's dictum that "Hold-fast is the only dog" (Henry V., ii. 3) worth owning.

From the dog the transition is natural and easy to the "harmless, necessary cat" (Merchant of Venice, iv. 1), to which there are several allusions of a more or less compromising character. It is well known that "Care killed a cat" (Much Ado About Nothing, v. 1); but even that unhappy end sounds preferable to the method intimated by Benedict, who, when Don Pedro predicts that he will one day abandon his celibate principles, incontinently cries, "If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me" (*Id.* i. 1). There is an uncomfortable ring, too, in Bottom's declaration that he "could play Eracles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split" (A Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1). What exactly was the predicament in which "the poor cat" the adage "found herself we can but conjecture. But the saying, "as vigilant as a cat to steal cream" (Henry IV., Part I. iii. 1), possibly affords some clue to the various straits in which feline existence has constantly been exhibited. "As a cat laps milk" (Tempest, ii. 1) is another Shakespearean idiom to indicate extreme facility. On the whole, we may fairly assume that "the ramping cat" (Henry IV., Part I. iii. 1), whether "gray-malkin" (Macbeth, i. 1), or "gib" (Hamlet, iii. 4) has ever had—in this country, at least—a troublesome career, and even the *post-mortem* honors accorded to the race have never been on a par with those voted to deceased tabbies by the ancient Egyptians.

With the goat and the pig the catalogue of domestic animals—of domestic quadrupeds, at any rate—comes to an end. Falstaff denounces Evans as a "Welsh goat" (Merry Wives of Windsor, v. 5); "I will fetch up your goats, Audrey," says Touchstone (As You Like It, iii. 3); and "gall of goat" is one of the ingredients of the witches' cauldron (Macbeth, iv. 1). The line "Some men there are love not a gaping pig" (Merchant of Venice, iv. 1) comes with special force from Shylock's lips, and contains one of the three references to the beast under that title. The alternative synonyms, however, are to be met with pretty often. Queen Margaret, in the course of a curiously withering diatribe, applies to Gloucester the not too flattering sobriquet of "thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog," and the expression "a hog in sloth" occurs in "King Lear," iii. 4. Again, "how like a swine he lies!" is said, with much truth, of the intoxicated

tailor, Christopher Sly (Taming of the Shrew, Induction), while "pearl enough for a swine," may be read in "Love's Labor Lost," iv. 2.

It must be admitted, then, that Shakespeare has dealt on the whole very handsomely by the tenants of stall, stable, kennel, and sty. Not only are they all mentioned by name, but of several of them the salient features are noticed in a manner which marks the careful observer. We have now to examine his attitude with regard to animals *feræ naturæ*. Here, too, shall we discover a breadth of view and a shrewdness of perception which cannot but arouse our respectful astonishment and admiration. We can point to scarcely one British quadruped—those species, of course, being excepted which have been distinguished and classified since his era—of which he has not something to say and something worth saying. Nor is his range limited by either "British" or "quadruped." The entire animal world, as known in his time, is his "oyster."

To begin, however, with our indigenous varieties, and taking them in the order adopted by Professor Bell in his standard work on the subject, we come first to the cheiropterous bat. The most superficial reader of Shakespeare must needs be familiar with Ariel's song, and the line, "On the bat's back I do fly." The same play mentions "bats" among the "charms of Sycorax" (i. 2), and also furnishes us with an allusion to the still extant sport of "bat-fowling" (ii. 1). The witches in "Macbeth" included "wool of bat" in their pharmacopœia, among other more or less nauseous ingredients. For a picturesque image of the night-watch we have, "Ere the bat hath flown his cloistered flight" (*Id.*, iii. 3), and the old English nomenclature is preserved in Titania's words, "Some war with rermice for their leathern wings, to make my small elves coats." "Reremouse" is said to survive to this day in some of the western counties. The "thorny hedgehog," with his synonyms of "hedgepig" and "urchin," was evidently no favorite at the time when these plays were written. Lady Anne uses the word as a term of abuse in her violent altercation with Gloucester (Richard III., i. 2); Caliban complains of being "frighted with urchin shows," and of the spirits which, in all manner of shapes, never leave pursuing him, sometimes in the guise of apes, sometimes (Tempest, ii. 1)

like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their prickles at my footfall.

Few even of professed naturalists have ever heard the voice of this little animal; but it did not escape the ear of the all-observing playwright, who in the sentence "and thrice the hedge-pig whin'd" (*Macbeth*, iv. 1), is held by competent judges to have expressed as nearly as may be the mixture of grunt and squeak which constitutes the phenomenon. His notes on the mole, or mold-warp (*Henry IV.*, Part I. iii. 1), are equally suggestive of careful observation. No one who has lived at a distance of half-a-dozen miles from Charing Cross can have failed to notice that "the blind mole casts copp'd hills towards heaven" (*Pericles*, i. 1), but the pen of none but a naturalist could have written, "Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not hear a footfall" (*Tempest*, iv. 1), for its remarkable hearing powers are to this day unknown to the vulgar. Hamlet's "Well said, old mole! can'st work i' the earth so fast? a worthy pioneer," may also be fairly cited as the words of one who had evidently seen with his own eyes something of that marvellous swiftness which here furnishes so apt a simile. To object that he habitually speaks of the creature as "blind" is only to say that he lived before the days of scientific zoology, and that he took for granted what, even in this epoch of enlightenment, probably nineteen out of every score of English folk are likewise content to accept without question. Both otter-hunting and badger-baiting must have been practised in Shakespeare's time, but not more than a single reference to either beast is to be extracted from his dramas. Sir Toby Belch employs the old title of the latter in a vituperative vein, "Marry, hang thee, brock" (*Twelfth Night*, ii. 5), while the former is decried by Falstaff as being "neither fish nor flesh" (*Henry IV.*, Part I. iii. 3). The weasel, on the other hand, whose name is the next on our list, is honored with several "mentions," none of them, however, strictly "honorable." "A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen as you are toss'd with," says Lady Percy to her husband in "*Henry IV.*," Part I. ii. 3. "As a weasel sucks eggs," is the phrase in which Jaques expresses his own adroitness in sucking "melancholy out of a song;" "as quarrelous as the weasel" is a comparison used by Pisanio in "*Cymbeline*," iii. 4, and, again, in "*Henry V.*," i. 2, we read:—

For once the eagle, England, being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely
eggs;

Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

Another member of the *Mustelade* family, the fitchew, more commonly known as the polecat, is mentioned by one or other of those names some five times. "Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure!" says Mrs. Quickly, and "you polecat!" in an objuratory sense appears in the next scene of the same comedy (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, iv. 2). The word does not occur in any other play. "Fitchew," however, we find in "*Troilus and Cressida*," v. 1, and in "*King Lear*," iv. 6; from the lips of Cassio, too, proceed the words, "'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one!" which reminds us of a third name—that of foumart—in which this animal rejoices. The wild cat was certainly much commoner three centuries ago in this country than it is now. It is the only species of the *Felide* indigenous to Britain, and is on the highroad to extinction. In the dense woods of Warwickshire, however, Shakespeare may well have seen it. The expression "your cat o' mountain looks" seems to argue that he was no stranger to its physiognomy. This is to be read in "*Merry Wives of Windsor*," ii. 2, and Shylock's remark, "he sleeps by day more than the wild cat," also betrays some knowledge of its habits. Katherine the Shrew is compared to a wild cat (i. 2), and the curious phrase "more pinch-spotted than pard or cat o' mountain" is put into the mouth of Prospero (*Tempest*, iv. 1), to be explained perhaps no one precisely knows by what ingenious hypothesis.

Those who are curious in such matters can no doubt discover the date of the first fox-hunt, as that sport is now understood, in this country. We read in Shakespeare of falconry, coursing, and the chase of the stag, but the brave tod-hunter was as yet uncreated, or his exploits were not glorious enough to lend the poet so much as a metaphor. The fox is mentioned, it is true, many times, but never as an object of pursuit. Helena says of Hermia (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2) that "she was a vixen when she went to school," and the epithet is still occasionally applied to womankind. The usurer's gown was "furred with fox and lamb skins" (*Measure for Measure*, iii. 2). Most of the allusions, however, bear reference to vulpine craft and cunning. Thus Gloucester says (*Henry VI.*, Part III. iv. 7):—

But when the fox hath once got in his nose
He'll soon find means to make the body fol-
low.

Wolsey is described as "this holy fox" (Henry VIII., i. 1); the expression "fox in stealth" is used in "King Lear," iii. 4; and Gremio warns his hearers that "an old Italian fox is not so kind" (Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1). These are only a sample of many such figurative applications of Reynard's widely recognized idiosyncrasies.

Queen Mab's chariot was "an empty hazel nut, made by the joiner squirrel," and "the squirrel's hoard" was offered by Titania to Bottom, who, in his then condition, had a preference for "a bottle of new hay" or "a handful or two of dried peas." We find the name of the shadow-tail's little cousin, the dormouse, only once in the whole Shakespearean range, and then not in a literal sense. "To awake your dormouse valor" (Twelfth Night, iii. 2) is, nevertheless, an idiom which clearly proves that the writer was well aware of the natural history of *Myoxus avellanarius*.

To "mice and rats and such small deer" there is no lack of reference. "Not a mouse stirring," is the soldier's reply to his officer's inquiry whether he has had a "quiet guard" (Hamlet, i. 1). "I never killed a mouse nor hurt a fly," declares Marina in "Pericles," iv. 1, and a few scenes above are the lines:—

The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole.

"The very rats instinctively have quit it," is said of a rotten vessel like to sink (Tempest, i. 2). A time-honored, though utterly cruel, method of getting rid of superfluous rodents of this species is referred to in "Measure for Measure," i. 2, where we read:—

Our natures do pursue,
Like rats, that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.

"There be land-rats and water-rats," argues Shylock (Merchant of Venice, i. 3); "Take these rats thither to gnaw their garners" (Coriolanus, i. 1), says Marcius; "I have seen the time," boasts Shallow, "with my long sword I would have made yon four tall fellows skip like rats" (Merry Wives of Windsor, ii. 1). The hare as a symbol of timidity is mentioned more than once, the coursing propensities of the age making it no doubt one of the best known of the British fauna. Other peculiarities are noted by Portia, who says, "Such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple" (Merchant of Venice, i. 2), and by Edgar (King Lear, iii. 4), who at-

tributes to "the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet" the power of making, among other mischief, "the hare-lip." The rabbit comes in for some little notice, and chiefly under his alternative title of cony. "Cony-catching" is spoken of as a kind of last resource for the destitute, much as we in these days speak of "sweeping a crossing." "I must cony-catch, I must shift," says Falstaff at a time of special impecuniosity. "Cony-catching rascals," too, is a phrase which even now may be heard in some counties, where the time of the rural Bench is mainly occupied in awarding condign penalties to those who have rashly trespassed in pursuit of poor Bunny. He was evidently considered a worthy denizen of the larder, for Moth speaks of "a rabbit on a spit" as a familiar spectacle (Love's Labor Lost, iii. 1), and in "Taming of the Shrew," iv. 4, we read of one to whom a strange experience befel "as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit."

The three species of the genus *Cervus* which occur within these realms are all represented in this wonderful encyclopædia. We may take it that the red deer was in Shakespeare's mind's eye when he wrote the Tyrtæan lines uttered by Talbot (Henry VI., Part I. iv. 2):—

If we be English deer, be then in blood;
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch;
But rather moody-mad, and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay.

On the other hand, the "poor sequester'd stag," which so moved the heart of Jaques, the "sobbing deer" to which we owe one of the most pathetic pictures in all poetry, clearly belonged to a herd of fallow deer, described in the same passage as "poor, dappled fools," "Pricket," the technical term for a two-year-old buck of this species, is found in "Love's Labor Lost," iv. 2, where also (v. 2) we read, "Whip to our tents, as roes run over land." This third and least species is referred to once again in the phrase "feeter than the roe" (Taming of the Shrew, i. 2). It is scarcely necessary to add that the terms *buck*, *doe*, *hart*, *hind*, are found too often to need any special mention of chapter and verse.

When we turn from native to exotic zoology the same catholicity awaits us. Wild-beast shows we no doubt to be seen in England from time to time in the reign of Queen Bess, and Shakespeare must have studied them with extraordinary diligence, or his many happy descriptions

and criticisms would never have occurred to him. *Quadrumania* he deals with by name of ape, monkey, and baboon, the first title being by far the most frequent. "Apes that mow and chatter at me and after bite me," says Caliban, and again (*Tempest* iv. 1), "apes with foreheads villainous low." In "Merry Wives" we have both "John ape" iii. 1 and "Jack-an-apes" (iv. 4), and in "Cymbeline," ii. 2, the well known "O sleep, thou ape of death." An excellent simile, too, is Falstaff's "Or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons." A curious converse of the Darwinian theory is suggested by Apemantus; "the strain of man's bred out," he says, "into baboon and monkey." Proceeding in alphabetical order we are next met by the bear. Bruin is one of Shakespeare's favorites—for literary purposes, at any rate—and appears in various situations, though almost always with a bad character. The frequent "baiting" to which he was subjected is brought to our notice in many passages, in none, perhaps, more forcibly than "Henry VI.," Part II. v. 1:—

Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these fell lurking curs.

Noteworthy and suggestive idioms are also the "cub-drawn bear," the "head-lugg'd bear" (*King Lear*, iii. 1 and iv. 2), "as ugly as a bear" (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 2). "Bear-herd" and "bearward" pleasantly remind us that in one respect at least we are less bearish than our fore-bears; "the rugged Russian bear" (*Macbeth*, iii. 4) is likewise of some interest to us in this age. Nor must we take our leave of Bruin without referring to the obscure lines in "Julius Cæsar," ii. 1, where, *inter alia mirabilia*, we are told that bears "may be betrayed with glasses." There is reason to believe that this hints darkly at the horrible practice of blinding the animals reserved for subsequent "baitings." The boar is another favorite. Petruccio, describing a stormy sea, says that he saw it "rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat" (*Taming of the Shrew*, i. 2); in "Cymbeline," ii. 5, Iachimo is compared to "a full-acorn'd boar, a German one;" while in "Antony and Cleopatra," ii. 2, we read of eight wild boars roasted whole at breakfast." Of the civet we can trace scarcely any direct mention from the zoological point of view; but its use is sufficiently indicated in "As You Like It," iii. 2, "The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet," and Touch-

stone enters into some particulars as to the source whence the perfume is derived. Hence another designation of the animal, viz.: "musk-cat" (*All's Well That Ends Well*, v. 2). "Thou owest the cat no perfume," says Lear (iii. 4), and again iv. 6), "Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination." From the civet to the camel is a far cry, but not too far for Shakespeare, who could not have expressed the *raison d'être* of the Ship of the Desert more adequately or more succinctly than he does in the words, "a drayman, a porter, a very camel" (*Troilus and Cressida*, i. 2), or have paraphrased the Bible text more neatly than in "Richard II.," v. 5:—

As thus,— "Come, little ones;" and then again,—

"It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye.

A modern writer has described the elephant as "a square animal with a leg at each corner and a tail at both ends;" a shrewder and at the same time truer, remark is that of Ulysses (*Troilus and Cressida* ii. 3), "The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure." He is also, as we are informed in "Julius Cæsar," ii. 1, sometimes "betray'd with holes," a phrase which the commentators explain by referring to a passage in Pliny which deals with the method of capture adopted in Africa. "The Elephant," as the sign of an inn, occurs in "Twelfth Night," iii. 3.

The ferret is mentioned in "Julius Cæsar," i. 2, in the course of a not too complimentary allusion to the greatest of Roman orators:—

And Cicero

Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

And another animal, whose temper is commonly supposed to be none of the sweetest, despite his affectation of mirth, serves Rosalind as a pleasant simile in one of her flirtations with Orlando. "I will laugh," she says, "like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep."

It would have been a sad blot on Shakespeare's scutcheon had he treated our patron beast with scant ceremony. Happily the allusions to the "King of Beasts" (*Richard II.*, v. 1.), are plentiful and eulogistic enough to satisfy the cravings of the most ardent Jingoism. What can be more gratifying than Bottom's dictum, "for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl

than your lion living?" Again, "this grisly beast, which lion hight by name," is held forth to us as one which, even when weakened by our common enemy, is by no manner of means to be trifled with (Henry VI., Part II. v. 3):—

Of Salisbury, who can report of him?
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions, and all brush of time,
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion.

So, too, in "Richard II.," v. 1:—

The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with
rage

To be o'erpower'd.

Speed, observing a change in his master's demeanor, rallies him with many smart quips, reminding him how he was wont, when he walked, "to walk like one of the lions" (Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii. 1), no doubt shaking as he went "the dewdrop from his mane" (Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3), *à la* Kenealy. Let us notice also such phrases as "the kingly lion," "as radiant as the lion," and sundry other sentiments flattering to leonine pride, while we mark the fate of him who "once did sell the lion's skin, while the beast liv'd" (Henry V., iv. 3). The leopard, with its *aliases* of pard and panther, was evidently no stranger, menagerie-wise, in Britain, but Shakespeare is drawing the long bow when he represents it, as he does in "Titus Andronicus," ii. 2, as haunting the neighborhood of the Tiber; Marcus was certainly exaggerating the capabilities of his hunt when he said, "I have dogs, my lord, will rouse the proudest panther in the chase." "Bearded like the pard" is familiar to those who have never read a line of any drama, for, like so much of Shakespeare, it has passed into the idioms of the language. "Wert thou a leopard," says Timon to the churlish philosopher, "thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life."

The "meddling monkey" has an American cousin which may fairly be called the "nimble marmoset," but when Caliban offers (Tempest, ii. 2) to give instruction in the art of capturing that animal, he, or his creator, was probably thinking of the modest "marmot," for American "notions" had not yet begun to that extent to invade Europe. Oberon, on the other hand, is well within his rights in mentioning the "ounce," which had long been known to the naturalist world, if, as has been suggested, it be Pliny's *panthera*.

This, however, is perhaps the first recorded mention of it under that title; Milton has it in "Paradise Lost," iv. 344.

The "fretful porpentine" of "Hamlet," i. 5, is paralleled in "Henry VI." Part II., iii. 1, a passage not quite so hackneyed, where Jack Cade is mentioned as having

fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine.

And Ajax uses the word in an opprobrious sense in addressing the vile Thersites (Troilus and Cressida, ii. 1). The "arm'd rhinoceros" we find noticed but once, and then in the same line with the "Hyrcan tiger" (Macbeth, iii. 4). This, however, is only one of many references to the tiger, for which a good word is never spoken. His implacable nature is frequently cast in his teeth. None save Orpheus, with his "golden touch," could "make tigers tame" (Two Gentlemen of Verona, iii. 2), and Troilus, when he wishes to express an impossible thing, says, "When we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers" (Troilus and Cressida, iii. 2). York upbraids Queen Margaret with "O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide;" Henry, addressing his friends before Harfleur, invites them to assume for the nonce the characteristics of the brute whose sole title to our admiration seems to lie in his skin (Henry V., iii. 1):—

In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger, etc.

Lastly, there is the equally disreputable wolf, of whom, too, many hard things are said. He is accused (especially the Irish variety, As You Like It, v. 2) of "behowling the moon;" we are warned to give him a wide berth even when we catch him asleep (Henry IV., Part II. i. 2); he is greedy (King Lear, iii. 4); treacherous (Henry VI., Part I. i. 3); and, in short, the tiger and he, *Arcades ambo*, may fitly be regarded as the Ishmaels of the animal world.

Verily an imposing array of four-footed beasts have we here! Noah's Ark itself can scarcely have presented a better or fuller record. Nor do birds and quadrupeds alone represent the museum of Shakespearean natural history. We must explore the regions of herpetology and entomology, and enumerate the denizens of brook and river, before we can be fairly said to have exhausted the bill of fare

which is spread before us. All our British reptiles, for example, are faithfully passed in review. Our one poisonous snake is mentioned nearly a score of times by one or other of its well-known names. "Sometime," says Caliban (*Tempest*, ii. 2), "am I all wound with adders, who with cloven tongues do hiss me into madness;" Timon of Athens speaks of "the black toad and adder blue;" "It is the bright day," Brutus tells us (*Julius Cæsar*, ii. 1), "that brings forth the adder, and that craves wary walking;" "I am no viper," runs the riddle in "*Pericles*," i. 1, alluding to an ancient superstition, "yet I feed on mother's flesh which did me breed." The witches use "toe of frog" in their vile concoction, and "the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, and the wall-newt" all played a part in "poor Tom's" daily *menu*. To the glow-worm there are at least four highly poetical references. Titania commands her fairies to steal the honey-bags of the humble-bees for tapers "and light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes." "Fare thee well at once," says the Ghost in "*Hamlet*" (i. 5):—

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.

Here, however, there are two slight errors, according to the views of more modern naturalists; it is only the *female* that exhibits the light, and Gilbert White observes that "these little creatures put out their lamps between eleven and twelve, and shine no more for the rest of the night." In "*Pericles*," ii. 3, we read, "like a glow-worm in the night, the which hath fire in darkness, none in light." We cannot wonder that Shakespeare is guilty of entertaining a superstition still current in most country districts; the "eye-less venom'd worm" mentioned in "Timon of Athens," iv. 3, and the "blindworm's sting" (*Macbeth*, iv. 1), are, of course, libels on an utterly harmless reptile. Equally libellous is the expression "lizard's dreadful stings" (*Henry VI.* Part III. ii. 2), as applied to any member of the *Lacertidæ* family that can have come under his notice. The phrase "gilded newt" (*Timon of Athens*, iv. 3), betrays an observant eye, for the animal thus designated is no favorite with the vulgar, and by the majority of those who are aware of its existence is probably regarded with downright aversion. In all the many passages in which mention is made of the toad this hardly used creature is invariably spoken of in terms of undisguised loathing. His very name is frequently used by

Shakespeare's characters as a term of abuse. "Thou toad, thou toad!" cries the Duchess of York (*Richard III.*, iv. 4), addressing the fratricide, who is in another place also appropriately styled "this poisonous, hunchback'd toad" (i. 3). In fact, the only words not contumelious that are uttered concerning him are those in which he is credited with, despite his ugliness and venom, the ownership of "a precious jewel in his head" (*As You Like It*, ii. 1). Mr. Wright, in his note on this line, gives, as far as it is known, the history of the so-called toadstone (*batrachites*), and the curious confusion of ideas which for many centuries identified it with a supposed substance in the animal's brain, whereas it owes its name merely to a similarity in shape or color. The Scandinavian equivalent of toad, anglicized as the diminutive "paddock," is found in "*Macbeth*," i. 1, and "*Hamlet*," iii. 4.

If we except Cleopatra's "aspic" (*Antony and Cleopatra*, v. 2), there is no mention of any other particular species of *Ophidia* than the adder or viper, already noted. But there are many happy memoranda on snakes and serpents in general. Especially may we cite the three fine lines in "*Henry VI.*," Part II. iii. 1:—

Or as the snake, rolled in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.

The lines immediately preceding these are interesting as preserving for us an ancient myth; they tell of the "mournful crocodile," who "with sorrow snares relenting passengers," it is again alluded to in "*Othello*," iv. 1, where the Moor protests that "if the earth could teem with woman's tears, each drop she falls would prove a crocodile." It is a little remarkable that "an alligator stuff'd" formed part of the stock in trade of the apothecary in "*Romeo and Juliet*," v. 1. It is possible that Shakespeare may have seen one in the same condition, but we know that the first *living* specimen brought to this country was exhibited in the year 1751. So, at least, says the *Gentleman's Magazine* of that date, but whether referring to the American or to the Old World variety we cannot now determine. The name "alligator" (Spanish, *el lagarto*, the lizard *par excellence*) cannot in the Elizabethan age have been long given to the cayman by American voyagers.

The eccentricities, real and supposed, of the chameleon are duly recorded. "Ay, but hearken, sir," says Speed (*Two Gen-*

tlemen of Verona, ii. 1), "though the chameleon Love can feed on air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat." And in the same play (ii. 4), in answer to Silvia's question, "Do you change color?" Valentine breaks in with "Give him leave, madam, he is a kind of chameleon." It is a boast of Gloster's (Henry VI., Part III., iii. 3) that he "can add colors to the chameleon," and the Prince of Denmark replies to the king's "kind inquiries" that he fares "excellent, i' faith of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed" (Hamlet, iii. 2).

Of fresh-water fishes we find the pike, also called luce (Merry Wives of Windsor, i. 1); minnow ("this Triton of the minnows," Coriolanus, iii. 1); trout ("the trout that must be caught with tickling," Twelfth Night, ii. 5); tench (Henry IV., Part I., ii. 1); loach (*Ibid.*); dace ("If the young dace be a bait for the old pike," *Id.*, Part II., iii. 2); carp (All's Well that Ends Well, v. 2); and gudgeon (Merchant of Venice, i. 1, "fool-gudgeon"). We notice also the cod and salmon ("to change the cod's head for the salmon's tail," Othello, ii. 1); mackerel (Henry IV., Part I., ii. 4); dolphin (Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1); dogfish (Henry VI. Part I., i. 4); stockfish (Measure for Measure, iii. 2); eel (Pericles, iv. 2); herring (King Lear, iii. 5); whale ("What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor?" Merry Wives of Windsor, ii. 1), and pilchard (Twelfth Night, iii. 1). Nor is it necessary to read far without coming upon the oyster, shrimp, prawn, mussel, cockle, or crab. All, indeed, is fish that comes to his net. Not even the humble barnacle is overlooked. "We shall lose our time," says Caliban (Tempest, iv. 1), "and all be turn'd to barnacles."

Entomology is a very modern science, and we cannot expect Shakespeare to show acquaintance save with broad genera. These, however, he faithfully enumerates, and sometimes gives us a species to boot. Apiculture may probably have been practised in some of the Warwickshire villages; at any rate, his bee-smiles are as precise as they are poetical. Two passages of this nature are specially notable, in "Henry IV.," Part II., iv. 4, and "Henry V.," i. 2:—

- (1) When, like the bee, tolling from every flower
The virtuous sweets,
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths
with honey,

We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains.

- (2) For so work the honey bees.
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom:
They have a king, and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent royal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone.

The "red-hipped humble-bee" also comes in for a fair share of attention, as in "Troilus and Cressida," v. 5, "full merrily the humble-bee doth sing." The economy of the ant has been left for Sir John Lubbock to elucidate, and Shakespeare knew about this little prodigy only what he had learnt by his own observation and Solomon's. "We'll set thee to school to an ant," says the Fool (King Lear, ii. 4), "to teach thee there's no laboring i' the winter." Caterpillars and their voracious propensities are several times mentioned, and certain royal favorites are even styled figuratively "the caterpillars of the commonwealth" (Richard II., ii. 3). A few centuries ago there were probably more varieties of British butterflies than we can claim in these days, and perhaps boys treated them no more kindly then than now. Some incident must have suggested the behavior of that cruel little boy, the son of Coriolanus, of whom Valeria says: "I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; it caught again; or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O! I warrant, how he mammoocked it!" Of moths mention is made in the metaphorical "moth of peace" in "Othello," i. 3, and the "old mothy saddle," in "Taming of the Shrew," iii. 2, and thrice or four times beside. The crickets, moreover, which "sing at the oven's mouth" (Pericles, iii. 1), are often pressed into dramatic service; so are "injuriously" wasps, "weaving" spiders, "shard-borne" beetles, and many other members of the insect king-

dom, including the "small grey-coated gnat," and, once or twice, the scorpion and locust.

Finally, if this long array of genuine animals and animalculæ be yet not long enough, we may, with a little patience, produce a respectable list of quotations in which divers mythical monsters are named. We may point, for instance, to "the death-darting eye of *cockatrice*," (Romeo and Juliet, iii. 2); "they grew like *hydras*' heads" (Henry IV., Part I., v. 4); "a clip-wing'd *griffin*" (*Id.*, iii. 1); "huge *leviathans*" (Two Gentlemen of Verona, iii. 2); "come not between the *dragon* and his wrath" (King Lear, i. 1); "now I will believe that there are *unicorns*" (Tempest, iii. 3).

All great poets or makers have been, and must ever be, naturalists, in the sense that they draw from nature's inexhaustible and perennial fount their truest similes, metaphors, and imagery of every kind. And naturalists, in the narrower sense that we have here sought to illustrate, they have also, for the most part, ever been—witness Virgil, Dante, Chaucer, Wordsworth. But for number of species quoted and shrewd adaptation of their several characters Shakespeare stands *facile princeps* among his kind. Shakespeare the philosopher, the moralist, the historian, the antiquary, the wit—we know him in all these *rôles* , and excellent he is in each one of them, yet in none more catholic, wiser, or more true than when he plays the many-sided part of Shakespeare the naturalist.

ARTHUR GAYE.

From The Leisure Hour.

STORY OF THREE RUSSIAN LADIES OF THE LAST CENTURY.

IN the days of the famous czar, Peter the Great, the most powerful, wealthy, and generally feared among his ministers and nobles was the Prince Menzikoff. There was no one above him in the empire but the czar himself; he was a prince and field-marshal of the empire, possessed of enormous riches, and the master of one hundred thousand serfs or slaves of the soil, as all the Russian peasantry at the time were.

Menzikoff had two daughters, Marie and Alesandra; the elder, Marie, is the one of whom we have here to speak. Her christening was celebrated as if she had been a royal princess; the emperor was her

godfather, and the most splendid and costly surroundings accompanied the ceremonial; the babe was wrapped in the most sumptuous embroideries and laid in the most richly ornamented of cradles.

The little girl was brought up carefully as well as luxuriously. Till the time of Peter the Great, Russian ladies, even of high rank, scarcely knew how to read. But the czar was determined to have all his subjects of both sexes well taught; and the little Marie had foreign governesses, and masters, learned several languages, music, dancing, etc. She was a pretty, sweet-looking child, with soft, intelligent brown eyes and graceful manners. The emperor was very fond of his little godchild, and took an interest in the progress she made in all her studies. He little guessed what a different fate awaited her from anything for which her early training had prepared her!

At the emperor's death, in 1725, he was succeeded by his widow, Catherine I., and this increased the power of Menzikoff, for as he had been the empress's first friend, she made him practically almost a joint sovereign with herself—a position he never could have held in the life of Peter, who was always determined to be master in his own realm.

This accession of power turned the head of the favorite. He had always been inclined to be haughty to his inferiors, but now his pride and insolence knew no bounds. He had before chosen for his daughter's future husband a young Polish noble, Count Sapieha. The young people were solemnly betrothed when Marie was only fifteen, and both the bride and her sister were presented with the empress's portrait set in diamonds.

But the prince's mind now began to change, and he thought he might look higher for his daughter; a Polish noble, however well born and well bred, was not high enough for Marie Menzikoff, the child of the greatest man in Russia. He wished to betroth her to the future heir of the empire, the young Peter II., grandson of the great czar, a boy of thirteen, and he easily obtained the consent of the empress Catherine, who was quite under his influence. So the marriage with Count Sapieha was to be broken off, and the young count dismissed. The young people had been allowed to meet constantly during their two years' betrothal; he was amiable and attractive, and had completely won the heart of his bride; but what was the happiness of two lovers compared to Menzikoff's ambitious schemes!

He probably hardly suspected he was breaking his daughter's heart by the separation. Poor Marie wept and entreated in vain; her betrothal ring was taken from her, Sapieha sent back to Poland, where his indignant father soon made a new marriage for him, and Marie left to bear her sorrow as she might. Thus two young hearts were to be crushed, that Menzikoff might, as he hoped, be the father-in-law of the future czar.

Poor Marie had no power of resisting her father's will; she could only mourn in secret, and try to hide her tears from others. The bloom and brightness were all gone; the joyous child was changed to a pale, serious girl, who moved sadly under the magnificent robes, the jewelled head-dress and train of cloth of silver, the velvet and ermine, which doubtless made her the envy of many who looked at her. They little thought with what an aching heart she tried to find gracious answers for the congratulations of the courtiers and ladies who came to kiss her hand. They could not fathom the feeling with which she would even force a smile at the little emperor who stood at her side.

He, poor boy, was in his way scarcely less unhappy. He hated Menzikoff, who had always treated him with haughtiness and disdain, because he had not been originally expected to be the heir to the crown. Now the favorite had changed his policy, and showed him the utmost deference; but the youth instinctively felt it was false, shrank from everything connected with his old tyrant, and was little inclined to attach himself to the tall, grave maiden, four years older than himself, who had been forced on him by the man he most disliked and feared.

But Menzikoff could not attend to such trifles as the personal likings and dislikes of those he chose to rule. He thought himself on the pinnacle of human greatness; he little guessed that in a few short months his palace would be deserted, and he himself deprived of all he valued most in the world. And yet this actually took place.

A cunning courtier found opportunity to whisper in the ear of the boy-czar, after the death of the empress, that his crown was not a mere plaything, and that he was after all king and master, and could command. He woke up to a sense of his power, pronounced the decisive word, and was astonished to find himself so promptly obeyed. A "ukase," or decree, was passed in September, 1727, declaring Men-

zikoff a deposed minister and an exile, and banishing him and his family to a small town in the centre of Russia. Never had the little emperor been so happy as when he signed the order which freed him from his tyrant; he felt taller by some feet, and began to think it was, after all, a fine thing to reign.

He was not an ill-disposed or hard-hearted lad. He had no idea of inflicting unnecessary suffering on the Menzikoffs; all he wished was to get rid of his old guardian. But he had really only changed one governor for another. Prince Ivan Dolgorouky, the courtier who had procured the dismissal of the old statesman, was now as much the little czar's ruler as Menzikoff had been; he and his colleagues insisted on their plans being carried out in the minutest details, and they were determined to inflict the utmost humiliation on the disgraced favorite, in which his innocent wife and children must share.

A courier overtook them on their journey, deprived them of all the badges of distinction and costly gifts with which they had been loaded by the late emperor and empress, and even took the magnificent betrothal ring from the finger of the young princess. She wept less, however, than when she had been made to give up Count Sapieha's ring.

At first the exiled family were allowed to live in the little town of Ranenbourg in tolerable liberty. There were sentries stationed by night before the fortress where they lodged, but in the day they were free to come and go, and were treated with respect. But this was only for a time. Dolgorouky was determined not to spare them a drop of the bitter cup of disgrace. In the following spring a fresh decree confiscated all their property, and ordered them to be sent as common criminals to Siberia.

Menzikoff showed himself greater in adversity than he had done in prosperity; he uttered no complaint. A former enemy, whom he had himself exiled to Tobolsk, met the travellers on their way and flung mud, with a cowardly revenge, in the faces of the young princesses.

"What have these children done to you?" said the old minister. "Why do you not strike the real culprit! There is a great criminal here; but only one, and I am that one."

The Princess Daria, his wife, could not bear up so firmly. Her grief for the fate of her children and husband knew no bounds, and her tears flowed incessantly

through the melancholy journey. At last she sank under the burden of sorrow and fatigue, and was buried on the banks of the Volga, near Kazan. It was only recently that her tomb was discovered — an obscure grave bearing the name of "Daria Arseinev" half effaced.

The father and children continued their long and weary journey till they reached the little town of Berezov, in the midst of one of the vast Siberian plains. Here the prince built with his own hands a wooden hut for himself and his family, adding a small chapel, where he passed long hours in meditation and prayer. We may hope that a ray of divine light may have pierced the darkness and found its way to that poor, weary soul, little as he had to help him in the way of Gospel and Bible teaching. Certain it is that he bore his afflictions with a patience and calmness which are more to his credit than any other part of his life. His daughters read to him in the long winter evenings — generally religious books — or wrote to his dictation, while he gave them interesting anecdotes and reminiscences of his past life. These memorials would have made a valuable addition to Russian history; but it appears they were either suppressed or destroyed by his heirs.

But consolation and even happiness were still in store for the young girl whose life his ambition had blighted. Soon after they were settled at Berezov, they were surprised by a visit from a former acquaintance. This was Prince Feodor, a cousin of the Dolgorouky who had caused Menzikoff's ruin. He had secretly loved Marie ever since he had first met her at court, but, being aware his suit would be hopeless, had never ventured to speak while she was in prosperity.

Now, however, when she was sharing her family's exile and disgrace, the generous Feodor threw up all his honors, sacrificed his brilliant prospects, and travelled to Siberia to tell the girl he loved that his whole heart was hers, and he only wished to live for her and console her for what she had lost.

Marie's affection as well as esteem were won by this unselfish devotion; she consented to give him her hand, and they were quietly married in the humble church of Berezov. Doubtless she remembered her betrothal to the boy-czar, and felt how much she had gained in her exile in the love of a true heart.

But she was not to enjoy her new-found happiness long; her health had been

shattered by sorrow and hardship, and at the end of a year the young wife was laid in her grave, with twin babes beside her who had only just survived their birth.

The old prince had expired six weeks before, and was thus spared this last sorrow.

All that remains of the former betrothed bride of the emperor is some needlework she did in her exile — two priestly robes worked in gold embroidery, still shown in the little church of Berezov — and a gold locket with a tress of her fair hair, kept by her husband through life as a loved relic, and left by him to the same church at his death.

So ended the short life whose happiness had been crushed by man's ambition and cruelty. We must hope she may have learned where to look for comfort in sorrow, and passed away to a better inheritance.

Meanwhile a great change was to come on the exiled family, and, soon after, to their enemies. The young czar began to perceive that he had yielded too implicitly to Dolgorouky, and been led to commit the cruelty of punishing the innocent with the guilty. He seems to have been really anxious to remedy his fault, and he sent an order to recall the children of Menzikoff and restore them a part of their property. This may have brought happier days to the younger sister — for the elder it was too late.

But Prince Dolgorouky was to suffer literally the punishment he had meted out to another, and afterwards even more. He, like Menzikoff, had been intoxicated with his newly acquired greatness, and wished to become the father-in-law of the young czar. Like his predecessor, he broke off his daughter's intended marriage to betroth her to Peter II. Whether the lad of fifteen was more inclined to like the beautiful and proud Catherine Dolgorouky than the gentle Marie Menzikoff, we know not; but on her side it was quite as much a matter of compulsion as it had been with her predecessor. She had been betrothed to an Austrian nobleman, and they were mutually attached. She bore the separation, not sadly and submissively like Marie, but in calm and proud silence. The ceremonial was as splendid and the festivals and shows as brilliant as they had been ten years before. And yet, neither was this marriage to take place. A *fête* on the ice — it was mid-winter — gave the young czar a chill, smallpox declared itself,

and, under the ignorant treatment of the day, he expired after a very short illness.

His successor was his aunt, the Duchess of Courland, Anna Ivanovna, a weak-minded woman, wholly governed by her favorite minister, the Duke of Biren.

He was a bitter enemy to the Dolgorouky family, and soon found a pretext for banishing them all to the same town of Berezov where the Menzikoffs had lived out their sad exile.

In this case, an even larger number of innocent persons had to suffer with the supposed guilty one. The prince's exile was shared by four sons and more than one daughter, how many is not exactly known. Catherine, the second betrothed of the boy-czar, had, like her predecessor, to be deprived of all her honors and splendid presents, and to accompany her father to exile. But another member of the exiled party was one who had joined them of her own free will, for love of her betrothed husband. This was Nathalie Scheremetev, a young girl of but sixteen, daughter of a powerful nobleman, who had been on the point of marriage with Ivan, one of the prince's sons, when the decree of exile was published. Her father was dead, but the uncles (who were her guardians), her brothers, and all her family considered it was a blessing that the blow had fallen before the marriage had taken place. Of course, it must be broken off, and Nathalie would find a better match.

But the young girl was immovable. She and her betrothed loved each other, and she was ready to follow him into exile and disgrace. All the arguments, entreaties, and reproaches of her family could not shake her gentle firmness. She persuaded two old ladies, her cousins, to take her to the castle where the Dolgoroukys were awaiting the summons to start. There, in the village church, she and Ivan were married without pomp or festivals, and for their "wedding tour" they had to start together on their long journey to the land of their exile.

It was a most trying journey. No advantages were granted to them, no mitigations of hardship; they had to travel in a *kabitka*, a rough, springless carriage, which is a real instrument of torture to any one less case-hardened than the Tartars. In this wretched conveyance they travelled through long, dreary plains, often forced to camp out on the damp ground, exposed to cold and wet, so that at last, when they reached their journey's end, the poor huts assigned to them seemed a haven of rest.

Nathalie writes this account in the memoirs which she afterwards drew up for her children. Her first babe was born soon after they reached Berezov; his only cradle was his mother's arms, his clothing had to be prepared by her and her sisters-in-law from their scanty stores, and washed by their own hands in the icy waters of a neighboring torrent. She relates how for days together the snow was so heaped up round their dwelling that they were nearly deprived of air and light, and confined to their close and smoky rooms; how the fierce winds whistled round the huts, and how their hardships were aggravated by the rudeness and insolence of some of the officials. Catherine bore her share of trial in haughty silence; she set to work to complete a piece of church needlework poor Marie had begun, and made no complaint.

But Nathalie was bearing *her* sufferings for love's sake, and her sweet, cheerful patience made even the Siberian hut bright. For her husband she had always hopeful words; she brought her children to play with him, and reminded him that these best treasures were still his, and when his spirits failed him she was ever ready with her loving cares and tender smiles.

In this way a few years were passed. The time was to come when she would look back to them with sorrowful longing, for worse troubles were in store. The cruel and relentless Biren was not satisfied with the vengeance he had taken. On a frivolous pretext he contrived to have Dolgorouky and his four sons accused of treason; they were sent to the city of Novgorod, and there put to a death of most cruel torture.

The sisters-in-law were separated. Catherine was placed in a convent, where she was strictly secluded and treated with great rigor. Nathalie was left alone with her little ones at Berezov, there to learn the terrible details of all her beloved Ivan had been made to suffer. Her one consolation was the knowledge that he had not only borne it all with heroic courage and patience, but that he had been supported by a power, as we must believe, not of this world; his voice had been heard uplifted in earnest prayer all through his torture till it was silent in death.

This must have comforted her, but hers was a bitter lot. When first she heard the terrible news she fainted away, utterly prostrated by the blow; but for her children's sake she felt she must bear up, and, that their young lives might not be sad-

dened, she learned to hide her tears from them, and even to smile at their childish play.

But a change was now at hand. The empress Anna died, Biren was disgraced and exiled, and the new empress, Elizabeth, Peter the Great's daughter, was kind and gentle and merciful, and only eager to make up to the poor exiles for what they had suffered as far as was in her power.

The Dolgorouky family were recalled and treated with marked kindness. Catherine was placed about her person, and soon afterwards the empress found her a suitable marriage. Proud as she was, she was not revengeful; she showed generous kindness to the abbess and nuns who had treated her so harshly. But her pride was shown in curious ways. It was said that just before her death, four years after her marriage, she sent for all her dresses and had them burned, that no one might wear anything she had worn!

Nathalie's was a different spirit. She came to the court at the empress's invitation to plead for her children, who needed protection and suitable provision. But the sad, pale face and deep mourning robes were out of character with the court gaieties. She had herself no heart for such scenes, and when she had secured the empress's care for her children, and seen them safely placed under the protection of their now powerful and prosperous relations, she retired to a convent to end her days there. To our eyes it would have seemed that her place was with her children; but she had been brought up in the belief that the monastic state was specially acceptable to God, and certainly she did not lead an idle or selfish life in her retreat. Her charity, piety, and sweetness won her the love and esteem of all. The hours that were not spent in devotion were chiefly occupied in writing her memoirs for her children's sake, that they might know how their father had lived and died, and do justice to his memory.

The words with which she opens the history are very touching. "Twenty-six days of happiness," she says, "were followed by forty years of sorrow!" And the result was shown in her bent form and white hair, while still in what ought to have been the vigor of life. After some quiet years spent in these occupations, she passed calmly away, at the age of fifty-six; truly a "woman of a sorrowful spirit," though never regretting that she had given up home and prosperity for him she loved.

E. J. WHATELY.

From The Spectator.

A WALK IN ANJOU.

To the north of the château, wild, grassy walks, extending for some distance in the direction of the old walled garden, mark what was once the *allée de plaisance*, better kept a hundred years ago, perhaps, than it is now. Along these walks we went one July afternoon, we three, and "Dash," the English spaniel, a dog with many good points about him and much sober dignity. The walks lengthened themselves under laden cherry-trees, without any barrier, into tracks through long grass leading down between tall, wild hedges and a corn-field. The wheat was waving in a blue-green forest, three or four feet high. It seemed a particularly beautiful sight, not merely from its own rich promise, or from the sun gleaming across it and the clouds shadowing it, but from its wonderful setting of scarlet. The long stalks rose out of a carpet of brilliant poppies. Between the rows of the wheat they glowed in long, scarlet ribbons, as if a gardener had carefully sown them there. Possibly the owner of the field or his tenant, did not look on them with eyes of quite so much admiration.

The field-path led on into a lane with high banks and straggling hedges, where one or two wild roses lingered; it is too late for them now in Anjou. The lane took us up the eastern slope of the pretty, wooded valley of the Marconne. Down to the left were shady fields and meadows sloping to the little river, with its rows of slender, grey-green poplars and willows, just showing their silver to the touch of the evening air. On the opposite slope more poplars, with here and there groups of oak, elm, and chestnut, rose against the western sky, where dark clouds were beginning to show themselves. But the sun was still high and hot; the valley was bathed in sunshine, with only a shadow now and then to frighten the busy haymakers, and the shade in the lanes was pleasant as we walked slowly uphill.

Turning from the lane to climb a stony cart-track between still wider hedges, a few minutes brought us into the midst of a curious little farm. On one side, a long, open shed sheltered stacks of wood and other stores; beyond it was a great square tower with a peaked roof, built of the crumbling white stone of the country, with loop-holes for defence, with the deep groove where a portcullis had once been. Hens were now pecking peaceably about the low archway with its heavy door. On

the other side, on a line with the cow-house, was a long dwelling, white and low, the high, sloping roof half sunk with age, the door standing open, a window beside it walled up — France has still a window-tax. The peasant tenants of the place received us kindly; if they felt discontent or hatred, they showed none. The *maître* — a tall, pleasant-looking man, burnt the color of mahogany — took us into the old tower to show us its tremendous walls, and the walled-up doors inside it which were supposed to lead to certain mysterious *caves*. The place is called Cafort, supposed to be from *caves* and *fort*; evidently it was once a strong little fortress, for there are signs of old defences all about it; and tradition says that it once belonged to an old château miles away, and is connected with it to this day by those underground passages by which most castles of the Middle Ages seem to have been provided with a means of escape in extremity. Now the whole face of the country is changed, and villages and cultivated fields, instead of a waste of forest and marsh and heath, lie between Cafort and the old great house which it once helped to defend. In later years, the little fortress became a *gentil-homme*, an abode for a younger son; then, perhaps in revolutionary times, it came into the hands of some good *bourgeois* of the neighboring town. He had his little farm there, cultivated his vines, came there with his family on Sundays, or for a few weeks in summer. He, however, has not left much trace of his occupation, though Cafort still belongs to an excellent man of his kind, who lets it to Maître Coutade, the peasant-farmer. Any relics of the past to be found in the present dwelling-house date back to earlier than *bourgeois* days. La *maîtresse* willingly showed us everything, though the anxieties of life seemed to weigh on her more heavily than on her husband, and she had not his ready intelligence and agreeable smile. The interior was a good specimen of a peasant house: two very large rooms, light, airy, and clean, their large windows wide open to the summer air and all the evening beauty of that view over the valley. Brick floors, uneven with age, and not much furniture, except the enormous wardrobes that the peasants always have, a couple of tables, and low rush-chairs. The beds in each corner looked clean, with blue counterpanes, and coarse, unbleached sheets spun by the *maîtresse* herself. A little girl of three sat up in one rubbing her eyes, la *petite* Adrienne; her elder sister of nine or ten clattered

busily about in her sabots, and seemed to be responsible for half the work of the farm, driving the cows, collecting the poultry, stopping now and then to stare with solemn eyes at la *compagnie*. Each of these rooms had a very fine old chimney-piece; and a wardrobe of the time of Louis XV., once painted white, and carved delicately in the taste of that period, seemed to show that then at least, if not later, people of distinction had inhabited Cafort. The treasure of which Maître Coutade himself seemed proudest, was an old *fusil* with a bayonet, which hung over the chimney-piece in the outer room. He took it down and played with it, smiling; it was still of use, he told us, in frightening away bad characters.

More stony cart-track brought us into more lanes, which became quite smooth and civilized a little further on, and were scented by the blossoms of a row of beautiful lime-trees. These stood opposite to the now deserted garden and locked gates of a little country-house; its closed white shutters were to be seen from the road, and we looked in at the gate, even shook it, but with no result except the furious barking of a dog on guard there. This was a charming little place, though now uninhabited, with a great deal of pretty, wild ground about it, and a broad green avenue of poplars, on its western side, leading down over a bridge to the road along the valley. A little beyond this lonely house, the lane made a sudden turn and descended steeply into the wild and picturesque precincts of another little farm. Here we first met the cows, small, thin, mild creatures, being driven out to pasture by the *maîtresse* and her little girl. Seeing us, she left her charge to the child, and met us with a beaming face. It evidently gave her real pleasure to show her house, which with its long roof and white walls was not unlike the dwelling at Cafort, but larger and possibly more unchanged. It stood from east to west, down the steep slope of the hill, and its large ground-floor rooms, from the number of beds, the Sunday clothes hanging up, the umbrellas and the rush-chairs, evidently sheltered a large family. These rooms were reached by a flight of old stone steps up the side of the house, which gave great character and charm to the building. Inside, a distinguishing feature was the beauty of the old panelled doors, and their quaint locks and latches with long iron handles, which the restorers of châteaux in this neighborhood have been glad to copy. Bourg-Joli

— this is its name — was also a *gentilhomme*, and a very complete one. It had its vineyards, and in the lower buildings, under one of the large rooms, may still be seen the great old *pressoir*, its stone basin and enormous beams as solid as when they were first used, hundreds of years ago. Lower down there is a very pretty well with a pointed roof.

The *maitresse* seemed proud of her house and of her farm, and certainly the surroundings were far more attractive than those of peasant farms generally. She only complained of the steepness of the hills, which made work so difficult; and just then from a lower meadow the hay-cart came tearing up at an amazing pace, two little horses tugging for life, encouraged by the whip and the shouts of a young man who ran beside them, and a black dog which could not be distracted from them even by the charms of Dash. They went dashing up the slope, and then again the yard was quiet; the house, with its green vines on old crumbling stone, and bright geraniums in the windows, lay basking in the evening sun; the great walnut-trees threw a pleasant shadow, and the *maitresse* went on talking about her children — yes, she kept them all at home; they worked on the farm; it was better than service; “ils feront comme nous!” There was the lame sister Célestine, too, who spent months at a time at Bourg-Joli. She was only one more, and very useful in knitting and sewing for them all. On the whole, the *maitresse*, with her sunburnt face, neat brown hair tucked under her close cap, short blue gown, bare legs, and sabots, seemed to be a woman both practical and benevolent.

The last two or three years have been better times for the peasant farmers in Anjou; crops have been good, and the faces of the people look more contented. But it must not be imagined that they spend a *sou* more on the necessities of daily life. Now and then the *maitre* wastes his money at the *cabaret*; but this is a rare case, much rarer than in England. Generally everything is saved and put by; the family lives on the produce of the little farm; household linen, and often clothing, is spun by the *maitresse*. For food, soup and bread in the morning, salad and bread at midday, soup and bread in the evening. Not once in eight or ten days do they touch meat. A scrap of cheese, a morsel of salt pork, half a sardine, — these are luxuries now and then indulged in, to make the bread more savory. This sort of thing is called *la fripe*. Careful people avoid such varieties as far as possible. “Je mangeons de la soupe, cela économise la fripe,” said a woman the other day. But this sort of thing, being quite voluntary, and often done in spite of a balance at the bank in the neighboring town, does not seem to call for much pity. In the soft air of Anjou, people live and work well on this food of the country. Now and then, of course, one sees poor and miserable peasants, to whom even *la fripe* is a thing unknown; but there is generally some story at the back of cases like this. On the whole, people here are prosperous, and fairly friendly to their neighbors in a different rank of life. Not many, perhaps, have the agreeable frankness of the *maitre* of Cafort, or of the *maitresse* of Bourg-Joli. But very pleasant people are the exception everywhere.

GENERAL BOOTH AND HIS TITLE. — I do not quite understand why General Booth should impute it as a crime to his critics that they put the prefix general in inverted commas, as if the title “did not belong to me.” It seems to me that the critics are right. General is a grade in the army, not a title. A person may call himself general of anything — as, for instance, the general of the Jesuits. But the general of the Jesuits would not be addressed as general, nor would he ever term himself General Smith (supposing his name to be Smith), but Smith, general of the Jesuits. The inverted commas are intended to show that the general of the Salvation Army is not a military gentleman holding the army rank of general, or one on whom this rank has been officially conferred. Personally,

however, I do not use the inverted commas, because if I can give pleasure to any one by alluding to him without commas as a general, or an admiral, or a judge, or anything else of that sort, I sacrifice correctness in writing to my desire to make a human being happy. I once knew an American minister. He was a general. I asked him one day how he became one. He replied that he had been engaged in the flour trade, and had been a general miller. I knew another American over here. He was a judge. Are you, I asked him, a judge of a United States, or of a State court? “Neither,” he replied. “I have been several times the judge at a race meeting.” The proper designation of the head of the Salvation Army would be Mr. Booth, general of the Salvation Army. Truth.